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TRAVEL NOTES IN BIBLE-LANDS.

No. XI.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Leaving the Steamer.—Dragoman at Haifa.—Horses for the Road.—We are off by Land.—Acre.—Approach to Tyre.—Night in the City.—Chickens for Supper.—Fleas for Bedfellows.—Prophecies literally Fulfilled.

My first inquiry on landing at Haifa had been for my people, who ought to have passed the day previous. I found that it was so. They had gone on to Beyrout, and I should find them there on my arrival.

Upon returning from Mount Carmel we found

WATER ON THE HANDS.

that the *Tancred* was to be detained yet another day. This is the fashion with the Eastern steamers, and we were fain to submit. But as we sat in the cabin in the evening an idea occurred to me which the rest of the party seized on most willingly.

It was to go on to Beyrout by land, visiting Tyre and Sidon on the way. Early in the morning I went ashore and found a scribe to write a letter to Houssein, which I sent to Beyrout, with orders for him to return and meet me at Tyre. I wrote in Arabic, not because he could read it, but so that if my messenger overtook him on the road he could get it read to him by a scribe in Sidon or elsewhere. This is the custom here. Then I boarded the ship again, roused out the party, who were all late sleepers, and, having taken a cup of coffee of Francois's best sort, we went ashore in a body.

A SCRIBE.

Our intention had somehow leaked out, though I had impressed secrecy on my messenger to Beyrout. But he had a dragoman friend, and had whispered to him his chance for a bargain, and he had not kept his secret. Accordingly, on our landing, we were beset by a dozen accomplished dragomans, ragged, dirty fellows, who could talk a little Lingua - Franca and ten words of English each, every one of whom avowed his perfect ability to show us the wonders of Haifa, and St. Jean d'Acre, and of all the world Oriental that it should please us to visit.

One of them was a tall Syrian, whose voice was like the small end of a thunder-clap caught among bushes—a rugged, rumbling voice, that was frightfully ludicrous. I engaged him at once on the strength of his voice, and told him what I wanted. He was exactly the man for us. He had a brother at Tyre, who could accommodate us for the night. A capital house he had—it was clean, roomy, airy, and finely situated. He would get us horses—splendid animals—such as the prophet of the accursed (our man was a Greek Christian) might have been proud to bestride. He would take us to Tyre like princes, and to Beyrout like sultans.

"*Bekam?*" insinuated Hamilton, in his mildest tone, overwhelmed at the prospect of so much state and splendor, and beginning to think it would cost a trifle to travel in this style.

"How much?"

This was arranged. For the sum of forty dollars Demetri, the Syrian, agreed to convey us—six to Tyre and four of us to Beyrout—in the style aforesaid, within two days, resting at Tyre for the night in the palace of his brother.

The horses of Haifa are not of the blood of the Prophet's mares. They are not of any blood at all. They are bones absolutely and wholly.

But bones or blood the Syrian horses can go; and go they did with us across the plain and up the sea-coast toward the ancient city of Acre, which lies on the northern point of the bay, as Haifa lies at the south. The distance is about seven and a half miles.

Demetri led on at a rattling gallop. His voice came back to us once in a while as he chanted a song intended to be gay, but in reality most lugubriously solemn.

We paused at Acre, but I shall not stop to speak of it here. The city is like all Oriental cities, and the ancient fortifications—half repaired, but never able to recover from the terrible shattering received from the British cannon in 1840—lie in the sunshine in mournful weakness. We loitered here too long, so that evening came down on us before we reached Cape Blanco.

The road was various. Now we were going at an easy gallop across a plain, and now risking our necks in a narrow mountain pass that no human being ought to dream of riding through in daylight, much less by night, as we were now doing.

We crossed Cape Blanco, a mile or more of mountain climbing and descending, and then a better road brought us to the gate of Tyre.

And this is Tyre! There was a day when the world knew no such grandeur as was here. How are the mighty fallen!

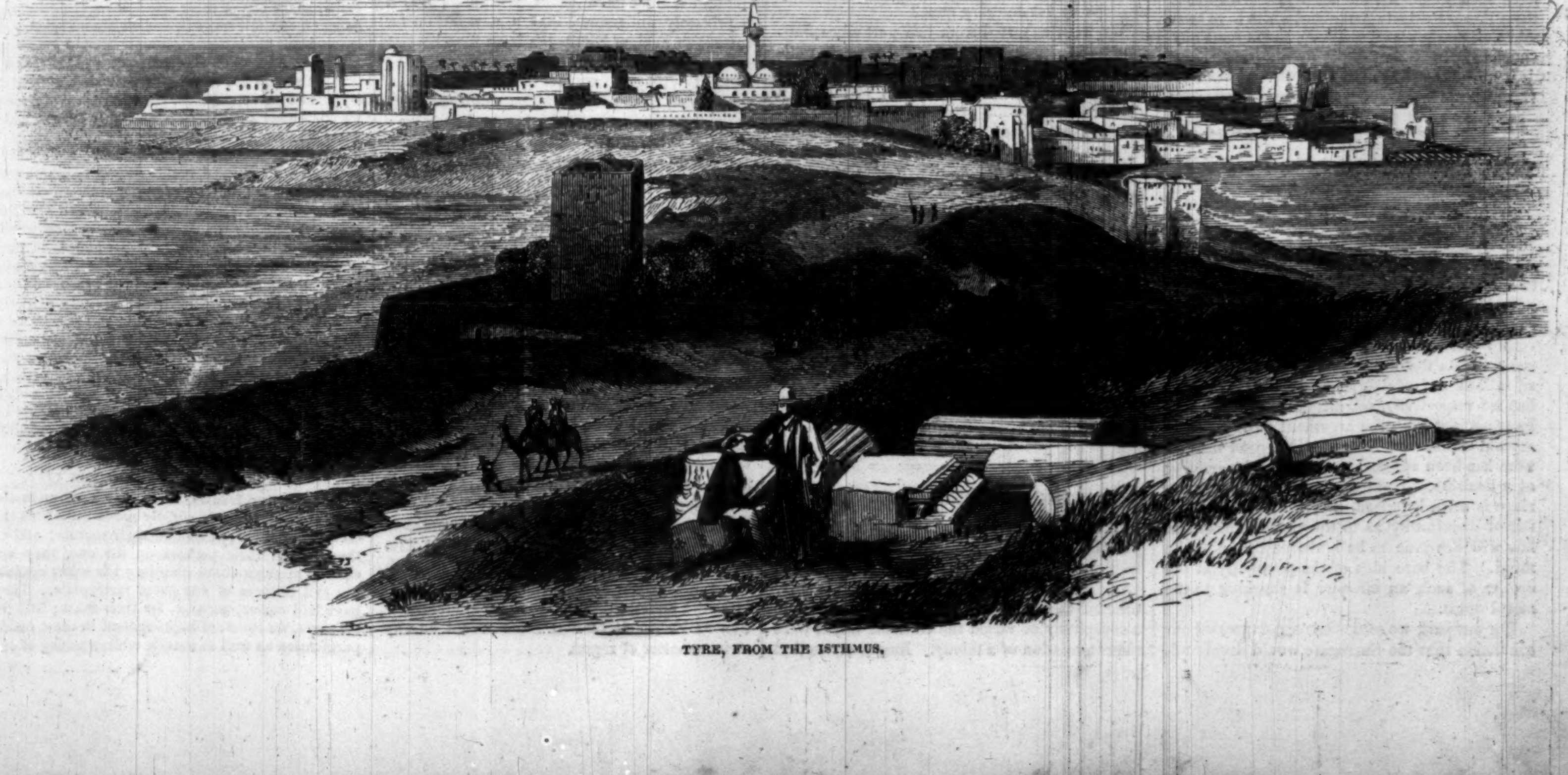
"'Tyre,'" said Stevens, "'shall be a place for

WATER-SKINS.

fishers to spread their nets,' was not that the prophecy?"

And how fulfilled!

As we rode down the neck of land which connects what was once the island of Tyre with the main land, Demetri, rejoiced beyond measure at the escape from Bedouins, whom his cowardly heart had been fearing every inch of the way, raised a loud cry, which, in his unearthly voice, sounded



TYRE, FROM THE ISTHMUS.

like an Indian war-whoop, and dashed down the road. We followed. He whooped, and yelled, and shouted, and kicked his beast, and plunged on to the very gate of the city, when a pistol-shot, which Hamilton let off for the purpose of startling him, completely and totally dissolved his nervous strength, and the poor Syrian went like a dead man over his horse's head into a mud-hole directly in front of the gate of Tyre. The gates were shut.

When Demetri had picked himself up and ascertained to his satisfaction that he was not shot, he began to shout in all sorts of gutturals to the guard within the gate, and at length induced the great door to swing on its hinges. As we entered, the porters, two surly soldiers, reached out their hands for a fee, and Hamilton had another chance to practice his only Arabic word, *Bekam*.

We got off tolerably well for a few piastres, and then went on to the palace of Iskander, the brother of Demetri.

Yea, verily, the palace of Alexander the Great, in the city of Tyre, on the coasts of Asia! For Alexander would weigh three hundred at the least, and his palace—as for that, perhaps the least we can say is the best.

Nevertheless, let us contrast the ancient with the modern. Here, two thousand years ago, were splendid temples, shrines of magnificent adornment, houses whose ladies were wrapped in Tyrian purples that gave the very name of luxury to the vocabulary of the world. There was no city where men did more joyously exist, where women lived in more luxurious delights, where sweeter incense intoxicated the devotees of Bacchus, Venus, or Mercury. Marble flashed in the sunshine. The carved ornaments of a temple were worth the purchase of a kingdom. It was a trifle to Tyre that it gave Jerusalem the most costly parts of its great temple, and the king laughed at the paltry return of Solomon, who offered him cities and subjects! The whole territory of Tyre, in its greatest days, was never a thousand square miles, perhaps never four hundred; but the still sea, on a sunny afternoon, reflected in its calm surface magnificence and grandeur which had no superior, even to the pillars of Hercules.

An old man, Ezekiel by name, borne on angels' hands, beheld a vision in the far future, and thus delivered the burden of his foresight:

"O thou that art situate at the entry of the sea, which art a merchant of the people for many isles, Thus saith the Lord God; O Tyrus, thou has said, 'I am of perfect beauty.' Thy borders are in the midst of the seas, thy builders have perfected thy beauty. * * * Thy rowers have brought thee into great waters: the east wind hath broken thee in the midst of the seas. All that handle the oar, the mariners, and all the pilots of the sea, shall cause their voice to be heard against thee, and shall cry bitterly. And in their wailing they shall take up a lamentation for thee, and lament over thee, saying, What city is like Tyrus, like the destroyed in the midst of the sea? The merchants among the people shall hiss at thee; thou shalt be a terror, and never shalt be any more."

Never was prophecy more literally and exactly fulfilled. Tyre is a terror. In the stormy nights of the Levant, the miserable mariner whose boat, with high lateen sail close reefed, goes flying down the coast, prays God to keep him off the Isle of Sur, and save him from utter destruction on the ruins of the once mighty city! The water is filled with columns and architraves, and where of old the glory was reflected on the surface, now deep down in the still sea you may sometimes catch sight of the floors on which the princely once trod.

And modern Tyre we were in, and the house of Alexander was the successor of the palace of Hiram.

It was built of stone that may have been part of the palace of that king for aught I know. Possibly these same walls had inclosed the ladies' bowers of those old days. But now—a cold wind howled through their crevices, unstopped by the vain plastering of mud. Demetri was right. The house was airy; but it was engaged before our arrival. There were fifty—yes, seventy-five—yes, a hundred thousand fleas to every square yard of the mud floor; and as to the blankets he gave us to lie on—the blankets were alive—they crawled—they positively moved with the indescribable crowds of inhabitants that filled its texture.

It was a night of horror. Before we slept, or attempted sleep, we demanded food. Demetri gave us water for our hands before eating, reminding us of the ancient custom of pouring water on the hands, which they follow precisely now, as I have often seen. All the water is carried about these Eastern cities in goat-skins, which have been taken off nearly whole, sewed up, and in some way cured.

We washed and ate, and then we tried to sleep.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, August 22, 1857.

MRS. CUNNINGHAM ONCE MORE.

Now that Mrs. Cunningham is in the Tombs, and the moral questions raised in reference to her are settled to every body's satisfaction, a very lively desire exists that the Surrogate should bring to a close at least one of the legal controversies in which she is concerned. We are far from wishing to hurry so able and conscientious an official as Surrogate Bradford; but we respectfully submit that several weeks have elapsed since the argument on her matrimonial claims was closed, and a good deal of time has been afforded to the Court for arriving at a decision. Until the question of her marriage is settled, indeed, a very unpleasant feeling of uncertainty as to the vindication of the law will continue to be harbored in the public mind. The bare idea of the possibility of the escape of such an offender is shocking to the moral sense.

For our part, we some time ago expressed our conviction that the Surrogate would decide adversely to the claims of the pretended Widow Burdell. That conclusion seemed the only one which could be conciliated with an honest and a rigid analysis of the evidence. It need hardly be added that, having held that opinion long before there was any rumor of a spurious issue from the supposed marriage, we hold it none the less strongly now. We look forward with entire confidence to the defeat of the scheming widow's plans, by a decision of the Surrogate which shall award the estate of the late Harvey Burdell to his blood relatives. And in this faith, we repeat, the sooner that judgment is rendered the better.

Upon District-Attorney Hall, too, devolves a duty of promptness in prosecuting Mrs. Cunningham for the crime of which she now stands indicted. The longer her trial is delayed, the greater the risk of a failure of justice. Witnesses die; important trails are lost or obscured; public sentiment changes; and a most mischievous sympathy for the guilty is apt to spring up at the very time when society demands strict justice. Mrs. Cunningham should be brought to trial on the present indictment against her at the very earliest possible day.

One more suggestion. The papers are full of stories implicating Mrs. Cunningham and her entire family and friends in a vast number of past crimes which have never yet been the subject of judicial inquiry. The assertions are circumstantial and positive enough to demand serious investigation at the hands of the District-Attorney and the Police. Every tale which can be traced to a decent origin should be sifted to the bottom. Especially should the authorities make it their peculiar business to examine the circumstances under which the late Mr. Cunningham, Mrs. Cunningham's first husband, departed this life. Rumors of the most appalling nature have been current in reference to this event ever since Harvey Burdell's murder; it is high time the body of Mr. Cunningham was disinterred, and science brought to bear on what may yet be found of his remains. What the community now expect of the District-Attorney and the Police is vigor, celerity, and unrelenting energy.

A WARNING TO MERCHANTS.

The Custom-house returns for the seven months ending 31st July show that the imports of foreign merchandise at this port during that period amounted to the enormous sum of $150,872,000, being nearly eighteen millions in excess of the imports for the corresponding period of last year. How are we to pay for this vast quantity of dry-goods—silks, luxuries, and foreign manufactures?

Last year we had a fair crop, and a prodigious demand for it, at highly remunerative prices, from all the countries of Europe. Flour was never so high; our farmers made fortunes; it was impossible to give the Europeans enough breadstuffs. Our cotton, though a short crop, sold at such high prices that the return to us was as generous as if the crop had been large. And we sold several millions' worth of bonds and other securities which, alas! recent developments in our railway and financial world have now struck from the list of merchantable commodities.

This year the Europeans do not want our breadstuffs; they have a surplus at home. It is doubtful whether they could be shipped and sold in the English market to pay prime cost and charges. Our cotton will not come on till December. Our securities are coming back on our hands, and there is not the least prospect that the demand for them will revive.

How, then, are we to pay for the hundred and fifty millions of foreign merchandise which we have taken already, and which will, in all probability, be swelled to two hundred and fifty millions by 1st January next?

We have exported from this port since January $38,725,000 of domestic produce—six millions less than we sent out to the same date last year. Boston and Philadelphia will show a similar disproportion between exports and imports. New Orleans, whose exports exceed her imports, may benefit our balance by thirty millions or thereabouts. At the rate we are going there will be a hundred millions or more on the wrong side of our account with the foreign world by the end of the year. How is this to be paid?

It can only be paid in specie. Of this we have received nearly twenty and shipped over twenty-six millions (against twenty to same date last year) since January, exclusive of shipments from Boston. We shall probably receive, during the remaining five months of the year, sixteen or seventeen millions—at the outside—from California. Any arithmetician can calculate what proportion this will bear to the amount that we shall have to send abroad.

PROFESSIONAL HONOR.

We notice in some of the city journals a disposition to find fault with Dr. Uhl and District-Attorney Hall for the part they took in bringing Mrs. Cunningham to justice. It is intimated that they made themselves parties to a conspiracy of which the end and intent were the commission of a felony. Rumor states that Dr. Uhl's case is to be brought before the Medical Faculty at the next Academy meeting. With regard to the District-Attorney the *modus operandi* by which he is to be punished has not transpired; but it is shrewdly suspected that Mrs. Cunningham's new counsel will endeavor to divert attention from her by a bold manœuvre against the public prosecutor.

The only sensible way of viewing a case of this nature is the practical way. To discuss the metaphysical theory of the affair—to enter upon a disquisition as to what professional honor exacts, and what it permits—is merely to engage in an inquiry which can lead to no satisfactory conclusion, because there are no fixed stand-points, no generally recognized standards to guide the inquirer. One man's idea of honor and delicacy differs from another's; and the exact limit of the professional man's license—the dividing line between his duty as a citizen and his duty as a doctor or a lawyer—is too uncertain to be a profitable basis of argument. Sensible results can only be expected when the case is studied in a practical manner.

Suppose, then, that Dr. Uhl, acting from a sense of professional delicacy, had said to Mrs. Cunningham when she asked him to get her a baby—"Madam, what you propose is a felony; I wash my hands of it." What would have been the result? Who can doubt but Mrs. Cunningham would have procured a baby from some less scrupulous man, and would have not only escaped detection but would have won the Burdell estate? Would this have been a consummation to be applauded?

Or, again, suppose that when Dr. Uhl made his disclosure to the District-Attorney, that official had wrapped himself in his dignity, and declared that he would have no hand or part in the matter. Does any one believe that he would have detected Mrs. Cunningham? Is it not morally certain that she would have defied his watchfulness, and achieved her criminal purpose?

We take it that the course pursued by the District-Attorney and Dr. Uhl has led to the detection of one of the greatest criminals we ever had among us; and that, had they pursued any other course, that criminal would probably have escaped. It needs very little intelligence to decide which event is the best for the community.

THE AUGUST ELECTIONS.

The returns from the bulk of the August elections are to hand, and the result may be described in a sentence as a great triumph for the Democratic party. In Kentucky and other States where the native Americans recently held the preponderance, they are now almost out of the question. The Democrats have swept every thing before them.

State elections occurring within a year or so after the inauguration of a new President are usually favorable to the Administration. Men take little interest, as a rule, in State politics; and until the Federal Government displays gross inefficiency, are prepared to give it a fair trial.

At the same time it is but just to the President to say that, independently of considerations of this kind, the public feeling has set strongly in his favor. Throughout the country he enjoys the confidence of the conservative class. And he has been materially strengthened with the sensible men of all parties by the foolish attacks which have been made upon him and upon all parties by the extremists of both sections, and especially of the South.

FILIBUSTER PROSPECTS IN NICARAGUA.

It is reported that General Henningsen and General Walker have met at Savannah; and it is privately understood that a new Filibuster enterprise against Nicaragua is on foot.

In an early number of this journal, when the issue of Walker's first invasion was uncertain, we pointed to the injury which would flow—to the mercantile world—from his final overthrow and the relapse of Nicaragua into barbarism. We should like the *Tribune* for instance, which has been a consistent and an able opponent of Walker, to demonstrate that the closing of the transit route which ensued upon the decline of his power in that State has been compensated by some corresponding advantage to commerce or civilization.

The latest news is that the Government of Costa Rica has awarded the route by the San Juan (to which it has about as much right as the State of Iowa) to certain speculators; having thrown Commodore Vanderbilt overboard when his money was no longer needed.

The Central American powers are all of them wholly unfit to have charge of a right of way so important to commerce and civilization as the isthmus connecting the two American continents. And should General Walker be invited to return to Nicaragua by any considerable portion of its people—should he be wise and fortunate enough to blend his interests with those of the American Company which ruined him—we do not think that his second inauguration as President of that State would be any serious matter of regret.

CHAT.

OUR DAILY TALK.

It is astonishing how much we depend upon the daily chronicle for our daily conversation. No one is prepared to open his mouth until he has opened his newspaper; and we must neither expect the utterance of a word nor the expression of an opinion until both the one and the other have been caught up from the daily oracle. To be press-ridden is about as bad as to be priest-ridden; for there is hardly more independence in the one case than in the other.

Who ever talks as he thinks? Who has a word to say on his own account? In fact, no one thinks; he only reads. No one converses; he only reports. Conversation, nowadays, is like the last edition of some of our enterprising journals—nothing but a stale repetition of the previous issue. It is thus that we all think and feel alike, and are moved together. We are the strands in a telegraph wire, constantly and uniformly thrilling with each electrical shock. If one takes an ague of horror, all the country shakes with the fit, and it would really appear as if there were

NO ESCAPE.

Go where you will, there's no escape. It stares you in the face, in large letters, from the wall, on the post, and at the corner; it talks to you in the streets, in the place of business, and at home; it is perpetually at your side in the city, and goes with you into the country; go where you will, hide yourself as you may, and there it is before your eye and close to your ear. We are all conscious of the omnipresent horror, and, take what shape it may, we do not fail to recognize it, and acknowledge our hopelessness of escape.

We do not know that the world is getting worse at heart and doing more ill; but we are quite sure that it is getting less shamefaced, and becoming more outspoken about its deeds of evil. If this free communication of wickedness be an essential of modern civilization, then we must submit, of course; and if we can not prevent it, seek to mitigate its effects. If allowed to have full course, the result will be, as it seems even now, that the nerves of the public will become so habituated and perverted by the excitement of horror, that, like the victim of delirium tremens, its only chance of suffering less from the effects of the disease will be by returning to the cause which produced it; and we shall have a people like the Romans, to whom, after bread, the bloody horrors of the circus were the next staple of life. As the daily horror can not be escaped, we must provide against its morbid influence by rendering ourselves less susceptible of it, and by getting our nerves into such a state of vigorous health that they may not be shaken by every breath of scandal and chafed by each social irregularity. To do this we must acquire a more hearty vigor of material life. We must get more fat and muscle, that the body may be able to take its share, as well as the brain and nerves, in the work and trials of existence. We should eat more wholesome food and drink less unhealthy drink; fill our lungs with more air, and give a freer play to our limbs; partake more abundantly of the pleasures of companionship, and indulge oftener in the enjoyments of innocent recreation. These are the obvious means of invigorating the body, and so strengthening the animal spirits that we may be proof against the emotional influences of the age. It requires all the robustness of sound health of mind and body to withstand the irritating and weakening effects of the excitements of modern civilization, from which, with its openness of expression and freedom of communication, there can possibly be no escape.

RACES ON SEA AND LAND.

The next best thing after a horror to awaken American interest is a race. If we can not have violence, we must at any rate have movement. When the public finds a temporary lull in the Burdell excitement, it strives to keep its imagination in its usual state of liveliness by speculating upon the chances of the ocean race—the neck-and-neck struggle on the Atlantic course between the *Vanderbilt* and the *Atlantic*. Each day's progress, as the report reaches us, is carefully analyzed. Latitude and longitude is studied up, and distance minutely calculated. The *Vanderbilt* seen at twelve; the *Atlantic* at one. The *Vanderbilt* going at a tremendous pace; the *Atlantic* ditto! There they drive, at the top of their speed, struggling for the conquest of a few seconds, and we are satisfied. If by accident these ocean coursers should arrive in safety, then hurrah! we shall have a glorification; if there should be, as may be naturally expected, a breakdown or a wreck, then hurrah again; for we shall have a horror; and in either event we get what we must have—an excitement.

We are no great advocates for horse-racing, but, with all its supposed immoralities, we think the interest in the late trial of speed between our native horses, the *Pryor* and *Prioress*, and the English thorough-breds, on the course of Goodwood, is innocent in comparison to that which is encouraging, with its excited hurrahs, the great ocean race. "Lay on the whip, dig in the spur, and win the cup!" says the jockey; and we very properly call it cruelty thus to overstrain the powers of a fine animal; for the beast will undoubtedly suffer, and may die. "Throw in the coals, stir the fire, and put on the steam, for we must beat every thing afloat!" says the steamboat owner; and what shall we call this reckless jeopardizing of hundreds of precious human lives and millions of valuable property?

SUMMER ENTERTAINMENTS IN THE CITY.

Our country friends, when they visit us in the city, are said to be dreadfully perturbed about the security of their purses and their morals; and as they button their pockets on the one, they are equally anxious about guarding the other against the evil chances of our great metropolis. They have had reason, perhaps, for their fears; but we see signs, we think, of improvement in some inside purification as well as outside whitewashing of our

city sepulchres. Is it not a praiseworthy concession to public morals, this conversion of the theatre into a place of innocent recreation? The most fastidious can now gratify their tastes without any risk to their morals. For example, there are the concerts at the Academy of Music, where even the clerical cloth might spread itself without the chance of a polluting touch or a fly-blow of scandal. We all feel the want of innocent amusement, and here we have it, and cheaply, too. The nightly two hours' entertainment at the Opera House in Fourteenth Street, of good music, under the agreeable circumstances of decent company, tasteful arrangement, and orderly regulation, with the comforts of unrestricted movement and free ventilation, presents just that union of pleasure and propriety which we have been longing for, and the possession of which we should secure by due encouragement.

LIFE AT SARATOGA.

(From our own Correspondent.)

SARATOGA SPRINGS, *August* 15, 1857.

MY DEAR EDITOR,—We have been here so long (about three weeks, perhaps!) that we are beginning to be critical, and the daring spirits among us have the audacity to suggest that dear Saratoga—or Sarah-toger, as the country girls style it—is actually susceptible of a few improvements.

In the first place, we think the various hotels might combine their forces, and furnish us with a clean and sheltered pathway to the Springs. A pleasing quadrangle of cobble-stones exists in their immediate vicinity, about which two little beggars are incessantly sweeping the dust directly on to our spotless stockings and embroidered slippers; and this is absolutely the whole amount of pavement that we butterflies are provided with. The rest of the way is a sad progress through sand, dust, or mud; very considerate, when it is remembered that the grounds around the Springs are the only promenade of any kind that all Saratoga can furnish. I myself believe there must be a conspiracy with the washerwomen, for it is quite impossible to walk down those fifty yards of unpaved road without making every thing we wear brown and intolerable. You can't hold up all your clothes all the time you are out. If nothing else prevented, it makes one's arms ache, and to be so hampered when one wishes to enjoy a little fresh air is not very agreeable. We ought to have a good and well-kept pathway from the corner of the Broadway to the gate of the Park; and it ought to be covered, too, with vines and creepers, in order to shelter us from sun and showers. Already I have five distinct freckles on my nose, simply from want of some protection of this kind; and I wish you would let the Saratoga people understand that, if they remain inactive, we who have complexions to lose intend managing the matter by private subscription.

Then, there's another thing we want. All the hotels have ample grounds in their very midst; why should they not be filled with tables and chairs, at which we might sit and enjoy, in the delicious fresh air, at least some part of our meals? Who would not think it a relief from the torrid zone of a dining-room—a very Africa, where the native woolly tribes reign in all their black barbarism? At present there is not a place in all Saratoga where we can sit and enjoy the air; nor have we rambles enough in which the sentimental young people can express themselves and their feelings freely.

One thing I am sure of: those anxious mothers who wish their daughters' flirtations to prosper had better consider the subject. There is nothing more favorable to the mingling of youthful spirits than the "soft influences of nature;" and when such matters here do not advance as maternal hopes would dictate, may not these shortcomings be ascribed to the deficiencies of the battle-ground, rather than to their own system of tactics?

There is Mrs. W——, whose two daughters, both attractive (one takes the *rôle* of beauty, the other that of intellect), have been needlessly long on hand; and the pretty one looks *so* pretty in a half light (moonlight, for instance, is very becoming to her shade of color), that if there were but an excuse for her and Mr. F. losing their way some lovely evening, something very serious indeed might come of it.

As it is, we can't wander out of any body's sight. *Chaperonage* is not troublesome, I know, in America; but if we stroll in the Park, those dirty little Ganymedes have their eyes every where, and if we walk about the piazzas, there is always some one else to be found there besides ourselves. In short, there is a great deficiency in Saratoga, and it is one we feel deeply: there is not a place where a gentleman can propose! People say many matches are made here, but it is a mistake; there is abundance of coquetry, and some slaughter, but on inquiry you'll find, though all the preliminaries are properly gone through here, the *coup d'état* generally falls in some other locality. Lovers do not make offers in crowded drawing-rooms, nor in the midst of an active polka; nor is our one invariable walk to the Spring, among yellow and hypochondriac-looking invalids, sufficient to raise masculine sentiment to the requisite point of magnanimity. We want to be able to wander alone (with some one else, of course), and we also wish to have seats to repose on, where, beneath the shady trees, and in the balmy air, we can say to one another, "How charming this is!"

Answer me truly, as a man who has been young and embarrassed in his day, are not these defects too serious to remain unaltered? In the name of the present unmarried generation, I conjure you to exert yourself, and let them be remedied!

We have had sundry hops and balls this week, delightful to us in more ways than one. Indeed, we were truly thankful to be able to show our pretty ball-dresses. I myself had experienced some little alarm and anxiety that a certain irresistible costume, both unique and becoming, and designed with no little genius, would not find a worthy opportunity for seeing the gaslight. But the ball we had last week settled that doubtful point, and I feel, therefore, considerably relieved. It was very exclusive and very select, and no little care was taken by "the influential managers" (as the most stupid creatures are always called on such occasions) to make the arrangements as agreeable as could be. You know the delightful ballroom at the United States—a room in which, with a divine partner, you might dance to heaven, and not be found fault with afterward? Well, it was by no means full (select balls are never crowded), but there was a great deal of enjoyment, I assure you, especially among those who had the prettiest dresses. Pretty Miss ——, from the neighborhood of New York, had the most charming toilet, and looked like a picture. She is a blonde, and does "simplicity and pearls." She was the belle of the room, I suppose; at least one might infer it from the criticisms of my discerning sex.

"Do you think that little thing handsome?" I heard one lady ask.

"O Lord, no! Who does, I should like to know?"

"Well, if she'd do her hair in any thing like a decent way, she might look a little better; but to stick it up like that! it's so trying to every body, don't you think?"

So we settled it, *nem. con.*, that "there wasn't any thing in her." Notwithstanding which, all the gentlemen are still very attentive to her, and Miss ——, who is a lovely Southern brunette, can't understand it at all.

But, I grieve to say it, there is really a sad dearth of young men—of young men who intend to marry, I mean. There are plenty of boys, from eighteen and upward, who would do very well for dancing when nothing more mature was to be had, but most of the little fellows lack introductions, though they are dying for them, and look so bashfully at the pretty girls all day long. And there is an abundance of excellent elderly gentlemen, who either don't mean to marry at all, or else have married so long ago that they are now compelled to devote themselves to the blooming results, and of course are of no use whatever to us. But we want to know what has become of the charming intermediate ages? Can it be that they are all at business in their offices, their fortunes not yet made, and their hearts yet unclaimed?

The Springs are crowded to discomfort this week; and we are overrun with country people, coming in to stare at the city lions, I suppose, and to learn what dissipation means. They are unmistakable in their manners and demeanor. Some of the maidens among them are very fresh and rosy; but though the gentlemen stare at them, and try so hard to get introduced, we city belles endeavor to look down upon them, and persuade ourselves that even such complexions scarcely pay for the total absence of that air *distingué* which marks "our set." They go about, pretty things! trying to look used to it, but very conscious indeed of their new finery, and of the glory of coming down to breakfast every morning in their "go-to-meeting clothes."

Then there are the provincial millionaires, a grade or two above the former, who "send to New York for *every* thing," and make, in consequence, such splendid display that some of us had trouble in putting them down and letting them know their true position. This kind generally thinks it safer to put up at Congress or Union Hall, out of the way of New York superciliousness.

There are some spirited flirtations going on around us, and there would be more, but for some of those "very fascinating creatures" (who are always experienced married women, learned in management of the sex), who interfere a little too much with the legitimate course of things among the juveniles. There's Mrs. ——, for instance, never easy unless the few young men about are hovering round her chair. But the most inveterate and incurable flirt here is the pretty Miss ——. She belongs to a class of flirts that I like and approve. She does not act with evil intent, but with the utmost innocence in the world. Her flirting is natural and spontaneous. She is very pretty indeed, looks all sweetness and good-humor, and a good deal of it is genuine. Indeed she is so charming that no one can see her without pleasure, and when she lifts her beautiful dark lashes and finds you gazing at her, she smiles at you sweetly in return; and this smile, more kindness than coquetry, is extremely dangerous to the young men. They take it as personal encouragement, simple souls! when it is not meant for any thing of the sort; but I must say the young lady does nothing afterward to repel the attentions she so unwittingly excites. On the contrary she smiles again, and, between amusement and unconsciousness, manages to do a great deal of mischief. There is the sensible Mr. ——, who admires her very much, and it is quite clear she admires his wit and cleverness very much in return.

I was much amused with her at the Concert the other night. Besides Mr. ——, there is a certain light-haired swain, favored by father, aided by mother, who is himself too much smitten to further his own cause by making himself agreeable. In fact he seems as if he had lost half his senses, and had only enough left, poor moth! to keep as near as possible to the candle that is burning him. It was he who, with much consideration, conducted this handsome damsel to the entertainment, and there, next to their very seats, sat Mr. T——! Mademoiselle looked delighted, the escort quite the contrary; and with the concert began a pantomime that seemed to me the more amusing of the two.

Mr. —— offered his programme, but didn't hand it, whereby the young lady was compelled to lean toward her admirer in order to see it at all. To give her a better view Mr. —— placed himself sideways, and passed his arm at the back of the seat in such fashion that in another minute it insensibly extended itself behind Miss ——'s pretty white shoulders, greatly to the indignation of another adorer, a small Frenchman, who had manœuvred to keep in their vicinity, and was rewarded for his pains by this specimen of the familiarity of American manners. He looked so aghast that his muscles relaxed, and caused the eye-glass to fall spasmodically from his eye. He knew that in Europe no gentleman is ever seen to rest his arm behind a lady's chair unless on the most intimate terms, and then only in the strictest privacy; consequently he gazed with apprehension, almost despair, in his countenance, and feared there was no hope left for him. Meanwhile the convenient but neglected escort sat with folded arms in a morbid condition. One eye was fixed on the pretty creature at his side; it brightened a little whenever she, with the utmost sweetness, turned her graceful head, and gave him the benefit of a small remark and a couple of flashes from her soft orbs. The other eye was sombrely bent on the presuming rival, whom he never ceased watching for an instant.

Spite of the young lady's refined and intellectual appearance, she is no more touched by beautiful music or admirable singing than is the peacock in the garden. She laughed and giggled all the time, looking very pretty, of course, while Mr. —— said funny things to increase her mirth, in order to have the pleasure of checking her afterward. But poor Escort was differently affected at the performance. At the melancholy parts he became mournful and depressed; at the noisy passages his eyes almost glared; and he passed the evening morose and misanthropic. The Concert over, Miss —— danced with evident pleasure with every body who asked her, while Escort stood at the door solemn and crusty.

The same sort of thing was repeated at the lake next day, where the young aspirant only drove her out to find Mr. —— ready to meet them on the shore! The maternal brow begins to look anxious, for Mr. —— is not rich, nor of a "first family," and Escort happens to be both; and, I assure you, when our own affairs don't absorb us, we are all interested in observing the progress of this little drama. But I must cease. So, once more, good-by. Yours truly.

THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

SUMMER MUSIC.

MUSIC well played is, in sultry weather like this, quite as refreshing as iced Champagne or other drinks, with which we endeavor to repel or defeat the incendiary intentions of old Sol. A cool symphony, like Beethoven's *Pastorale*, breathing of sylvan shade, delicious breezes, and pattering rain, is comfort for the tympanum such breathless evenings as these. Why does not Mr. Fry compose a Polar Sonata, with reminiscences of icebergs, hummocks, frozen fingers, and white bears? With the thermometer at a hundred in the shade, it would obtain a *succès fou*. Who is there that would not go to be harmonically cooled off?

Apropos of summer music, Mr. Stuart, the well-known and successful temporary manager of Wallack's Theatre, and Mr. Bourcicault, the equally well-known dramatist, have inaugurated a series of promenade concerts for the million at the Academy of Music, with astonishing success. Only twenty-five cents! Twenty-five cents to hear excellent classical and characteristic music excellently played and well conducted. Twenty-five cents to hear the delightful Agnes Robertson sing her quaint Scotch and Irish ballads, in a voice that would break the hearts of the thrushes and blackbirds of those nations if they were to hear her. Twenty-five cents for the pleasure of wandering through that cool and spacious building, having the eye gratified with the very elegant decorations, and the ear tickled with charming vocal and instrumental music. It is wonderfully cheap, and I am glad to say, for the sake of the musical taste of our millions, wonderfully successful.

Last summer Messrs. Bourcicault and Stuart undertook a joint management of Wallack's Theatre, which title they transformed into that of the "Summer Garden." This delightful name awakened the most fairy-like visions in the minds of all who read it on the bills. Orange groves, bowers seductive as those of Armida, cooling fountains, perfumed breezes, colored lamps, and dim arcades floated before my mind's eye as I resolved to visit that sylvan-sounding place of amusement. Alas! on entering I found what it was to have to do with men of luxuriant imaginations. There was not a horticultural trace discoverable all over that sultry little Thespian temple, save one sleepless-looking evergreen that stood parching in the vestibule, with every withering leaf imploring silently for water.

When I beheld, under the same management, several magnificent announcements in the papers of similar splendors to be exhibited at the Academy, I confess that I did not put overmuch faith in the advertisements of my two poets. I was, however, agreeably disappointed. Mr. Bourcicault has arranged the decorations of that establishment with the most consummate taste. The *coup d'œil* on entering is really charming, and without being the least pretentious, is at the same time elegant and rich.

The performances are varied, and the music is well selected. Mademoiselle Simon sings only passably—lacking spirit and emphasis. Mr. Guilmette has a good voice, well cultivated, and possesses an excellent style. As to Miss Robertson, she is as fresh, arch, and captivating as ever.

She possesses both in singing and acting a certain vague charm, difficult to analyze, easy to feel. Her motions are graceful as those of a bird; I should not be surprised any day if she grew a pair of delicate wings. Even though she walks, she looks as if she could fly. Then her clear, sweet, vibrating voice! Where got she all those charms? What her history? I will tell you the story as it was told to me by a little bird.

HOW A PRIMA DONNA WAS FLEDGED.

One day, in Ireland—it was a bright summer day—an old blackbird, who had just become the father of an interesting family of three, was wandering over the fields, in search of his day's marketing. While engaged in this domestic pursuit, he saw a tiny, fairy-like little being lying asleep in a bed of wild flowers. It was a charming little creature, with long, dark eyelashes, rosy cheeks, and a mouth that looked like an unfolding rose.

"My little ones would be delighted to have a plaything while I and my wife are out," thought the blackbird. "Why should I not take home this pretty creature to amuse them?"

So he took the little sleeping fairy under his wing, and flew home with it to his nest, where all the young blackbirds were awaiting him with their little golden bills wide open.

The old blackbird made room for it in the nest, and tended it, and nursed it, and it opened its dark-blue eyes and smiled upon him in gratitude.

Things went on in this way for some time, when the old blackbird, who used to go and sit every evening about sundown on the top of a tall poplar that was near his nest, and sing to amuse his wife and little ones, began to observe that his pretty foundling used to lie in the nest with eyes wide open, listening, with apparently the most profound attention, to his vocal performances. The blackbird felt rather flattered at this, and thought to himself, "This little one evidently loves music. I will teach her to sing."

Day after day the old blackbird used to sit on the edge of the nest, and give the little one lessons at the same time that he instructed his own children. The progress she made was astonishing. Her throat bubbled over with the most wonderful *roulades*, and when her clear sympathetic voice was heard thrilling through the neighboring woods, the other birds stopped caroling and whispered among themselves that a wonderful foreign bird had come over from a distant country to sing in the Irish groves. The old blackbird began to think that his *protégé* sang better than himself.

The young blackbirds as they got older grew jealous of their father's favorite. They were vain, envious things who thought that they sang delightfully, when in reality they had no talent whatever for music. They consulted among themselves as to the best means of getting rid of this intruder, and at last resolved to make their mother entreat their father to turn their little rival out of the nest. The old blackbird was terribly angry when this request was made to him, and vowed that he would disinherit his own family sooner than commit so great an injustice against the charming fondling. But women have great influence, and his wife—who espoused the cause of her children—never let him rest until he promised that he would call together all the birds and have a grand trial of vocal skill between the stranger and his own offspring, and that whoever was adjudged to be defeated should be turned out upon the wide world.

The day came. The neighboring trees were filled with linnets and thrushes, blackbirds, bullfinches, and all the singing birds of the island. The sky-lark hovered in mid air over the nest to hear the contest. An English nightingale, who had learned of the event, had crossed the Channel expressly to be present. Never was heard in Irish woods such a twittering, and chattering, and rustling of wings!

The three blackbirds sang first. They sang a piece of concerted music, composed for them by a celebrated green linnet, which contained a number of solos, so that the assembly could fairly judge of the individual merit of each of the three. They began. They puffed out their feathers, fluttered their wings, closed their eyes, and screamed as loudly as ever they could, but their voices were hoarse, their execution poor and faulty, and they sang woefully out of tune. There was a murmur of disapprobation from all the birds when they had finished, and the sky-lark in disgust retired into a cloud.

Then came the turn of the beautiful child adopted by the old blackbird. She opened her little rosy lips, within which her pearly teeth glittered like the keys of some magical instrument, out of which all the music came, and poured forth a wondrous song, in which she praised the woods, and the pure life of birds, and the morning flushed with gold, and the evening dewy and serene, and the lovely flowers in which the wild bees buried themselves. It was a sylvan pæan, and her voice was so pure and fresh, and her execution was so brilliant, that when she ended there never was heard such a clapping of wings. The English nightingale—who was esteemed a great judge—complimented her in the most glowing terms, and the sky-lark left his cloud and rained down upon her head a shower of aerial melody.

But the young blackbirds were very much disgusted at their defeat, and without waiting to be turned from the nest, as they themselves proposed, flew away in a passion, followed by their mother, who vowed never again to come near so unnatural a father as her husband had proved himself to be. The poor old blackbird, struck to the heart by this desertion, after all the birds had departed, stole away and committed suicide by going into a pitfall set by some school-boys to catch sparrows.

The poor little stranger was thus left alone in the nest. She did not know what to do or how to get food, and felt very melancholy when she found that her friend the old blackbird did not return. So in her grief she commenced to sing a plaintive air fraught with musical sorrow. An impresario, who happened to be wandering near, heard this wondrous music, and, impelled by curiosity, approached the nest. He found the little one in tears. He inquired the cause of her grief, and she related her history.

"My dear," said the impresario, "you are lost in these great lonesome woods. Come with me, and you shall sing before queens and kings."

So he took the little one from the nest, brought her to London, and, as she had no name, called her Agnes Robertson.

You now know why it is that she sings so like a bird.

FRONTIER LIFE IN WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

THE commonly-received notion of Washington Territory makes of it a country wild and rugged, made up chiefly of thickly-wooded mountains and steep ravines, having an unkind climate vibrating between a drizzle and a raw fog, robbed somehow of its due share of fair, vivifying sunshine, and inhabited by Indians the chief end and aim of whose existence is the depriving white settlers of that valuable and ornamental appendage, the scalp. A country, briefly, in every way unpropitious to the husbandman and the peaceful trader, and fit goal only for those restless spirits whose mission in life is to "move West."

Mr. James G. Swan, a plain, broad-shouldered, matter-of-fact man, tells, in a volume just published,* a different story. According to Mr. Swan, Washington Territory is exceeded by no part of the Union in fertility of soil, beauty and salubrity of climate, variety of natural productions, or splendor of scenery. Its mountains and plains abound in the choicest timber; its extensive and well-watered prairies have the finest soil in the world; its streams and bays teem with fish of every kind, from the salmon to the herring; and its woods and marshes are alive with every kind of game known to the American sportsman.

The Indians, against whom our Government is now waging a war of extermination, are in reality, according to Mr. Swan, a harmless and easily-guided race, very willing originally to be of service to the white settlers, but goaded on by injudicious management on the part of lawless whites to a bloody retaliation of their wrongs. They have numberless superstitions, of which our author gives an extended and interesting account, live chiefly by the chase and fishery, flatten the heads of their infants, bury their dead in canoes, and live in great fear of the *memelose tillicums*, or spirits of the deceased. Their doctors cure by mesmerism, and they seem to work upon the principle of "kill or cure," *i. e.*, kill the physician if he does not cure the patient. Their women have an easier lot than generally falls to the Indian squaw.

Such were the people—peaceable, simple-hearted, superstitious, and easily guided by right-minded men—among whom the early settlers of Washington Territory pitched their tents, and with whose aid they located claims, exported oysters, hooked salmon, and cultivated potatoes and wheat.

Mr. Swan arrived at Shoal-water Bay at a time when the Territory was just opening, and the number of white settlers was ridiculously small. He found these an active, hardy race—hard of hand and large in heart—with their doors open, and their hearths and larders free to all comers—a community having but little law among them, but needing less; and living in sensible accord with their Indian neighbors, who trusted them and labored for them with a hearty good-will.

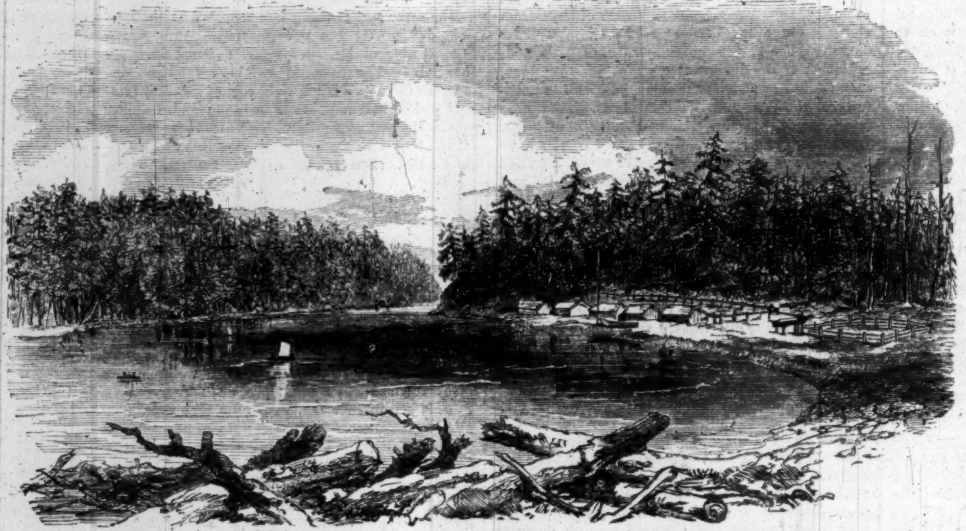
A simple life they led. No lawyer had yet entered this garden-spot to sow tares of dissension. Of courts they knew naught; and public opinion inflicted a more summary justice than is known to more civilized communities. Till one morning the settlement awoke to the consciousness that our common Uncle had taken it under his protection, and, as a first installment of his care, they were instructed to elect unto themselves a justice of the peace and a constable. The person chosen justice was a kind-hearted man, who grew noisy under the cheering influence of old Rye. The constable was a "first-rate fellow, who preferred his ease and a bottle of whisky to any thing else."

"But now," says Mr. Swan, "every one seemed anxious to bring the justice some business, and it was not long before he held the first court in Shoal-water Bay." An unlucky individual was pounced upon, who had at some time past stolen a small sum of money from a man now absent from the settlement. The sheriff wrote out a notice to this unfortunate that he must leave the Bay or be lynched. Assuring Champ, the new Dogberry, that this was a warrant for arrest in regular form, that worthy signed it, and the constable was released from his whisky-bottle, and ordered to bring the offender before the majesty of the law.

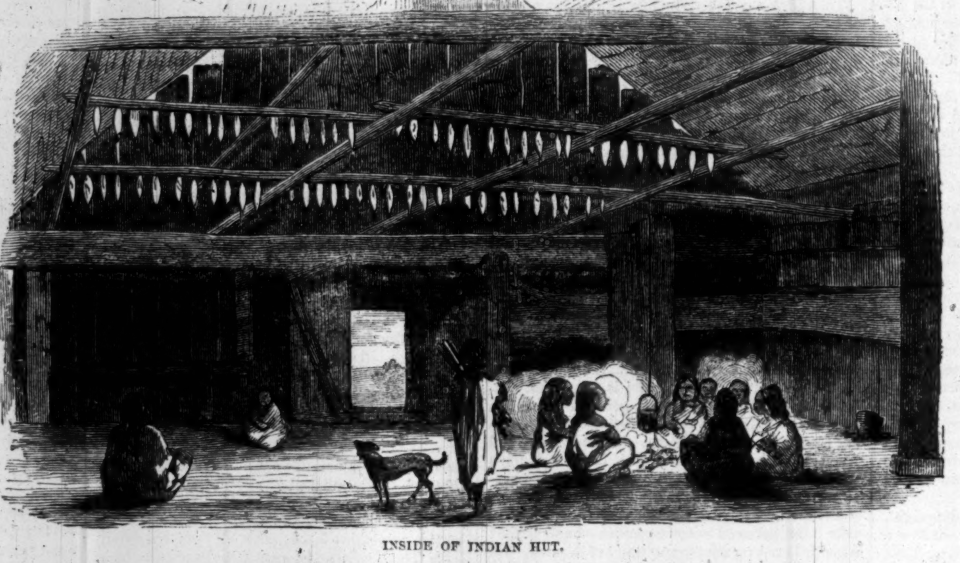
Anticipating resistance, the doughty constable determined on a stratagem. Walking in where the man was sitting, he asked him very coolly for something to drink. Bowman (for that was the man's name) replied that

* The Northwest Coast; or, Three Years' Residence in Washington Territory. By James G. Swan. New York; Harper & Brothers, Publishers.

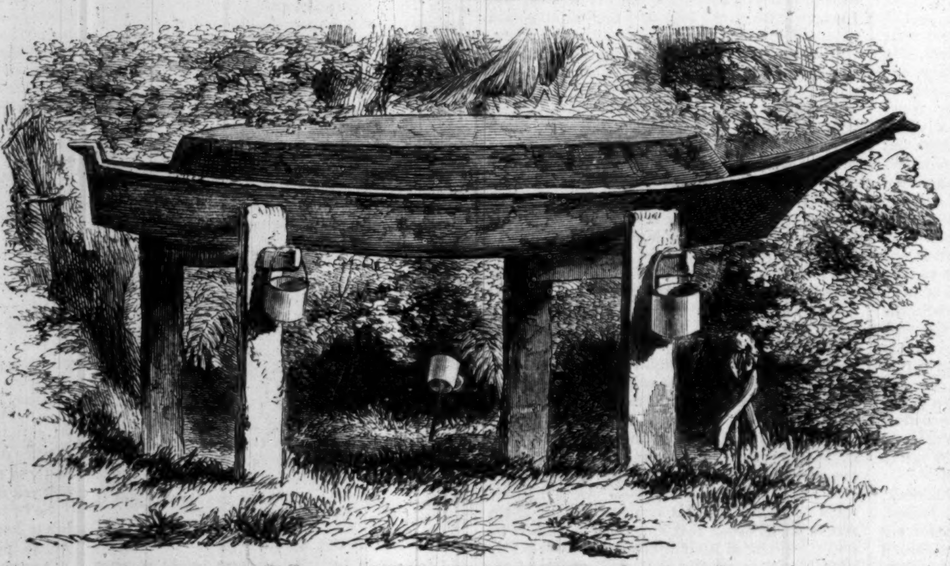
SALMON-FISHING IN SHOAL-WATER BAY.



QUENIULT VILLAGE, WASHINGTON TERRITORY.



INSIDE OF INDIAN HUT.



INDIAN MODE OF BURIAL.

he had nothing. "Well," says Charley, "old Champ has just got a demijohn of first-rate whisky: s'pose we walk down there and get some." The other, nothing loth, consented, and the pair walked down to the squire's. The boys began to collect, and at last the squire, who had been out feeding his chickens and wetting his whistle, came in and took a seat.

"Order in the court!" said he; then, facing the prisoner, he addressed him thus:

"Well, this is a pretty how-d'ye-do; why, what have you been about, hey?"

"What have I been about?" asked Bowman, with surprise; "nothing in particular, that I know of. Where's your whisky, squire?"

"Where's my whisky?" said the squire, now getting into a rage; "where's my whisky? Don't you know you're 'rested? and do you think to throw contempt into my court by asking for whisky?"

"I did not know," replied the other, "that I was arrested; pray what is the charge!"

"Why, you big loafer," said Champ to the constable, "didn't you show that paper to Bowman?"

"Yes," growled Charley, "I did."

"I never saw it," says Bowman; "let me have it now."

Champ, after expressing his disgust at Charley for not attending to his business in a legal manner, ordered him forthwith to arrest Bowman, and show him the warrant. Charley produced the paper, and arrested the man in the name of the United States. Bowman read it, and remarked that it was more of a lynch-law notice than a warrant, and then inquired of what he was accused.

"What are you 'cused of?" said Champ, with the greatest contempt for the supposed sham ignorance of the prisoner; "why, you are 'cused of stealing Mr. Russell's money."

"I should like to know who accuses me, and who are the witnesses against me," said Bowman, who now began to think that something serious was to happen.

"See here, Bowman," said the squire, "I don't want any witnesses; and as for who accuses you, why, I accuse you, and every body on the beach accuses you, and you know you are guilty as well as I do; there is no use of wasting time over this matter. I am bound to sentence you, and my sentence is that you leave the Bay in twenty-four hours, or receive fifty lashes if you are here after that time. And now, Charley, do you take charge of the prisoner; treat him well, but if you let him escape, we will tie you up in his stead."

And so ended the first trial in Shoal-water Bay, Washington Territory. "The boys" were immensely delighted, of course.

The following autumn, however, a regular term of court came on. The United States Judge arrived and a grand jury was impanneled which included every man resident in the settlement except the judge, two lawyers, and a poor fellow who had some time before, unfortunately, killed a drunken Indian in self-defense. There being no other business for judge or jury, it was determined to try this man for manslaughter.

The court-house was a small, one-story affair, measuring about twelve feet by fifteen; so circumscribed in its limits that, when the jury were seated, there was barely room left for the judge, clerk of the court, and counsel, while the sheriff had to keep himself standing in the door-way. The outsiders (visitors) could neither see nor hear, till some one suggested that a few boards be knocked off the other end of the house, which was soon done, and served the purpose admirably.

The grand jury were then called in and sworn, the usual forms gone through, and thereupon the judge instructed them to find the proper indictment against Lumley.

This done, a petit jury was called. It was found necessary to take nine of the grand-jury men on the petit jury. This difficulty being overcome, witnesses were examined at great length, and with unexampled ferocity; and then the prosecuting attorney and defendant's counsel had the field to themselves.

This being the first time the district-attorney had ever addressed a jury on a criminal case, he proceeded to elucidate the points in a speech of considerable length, commencing from the American Revolution, and continuing his deductions to the time of Washington's death, and closing with a beautiful tribute to the memory of the Father of his Country.

This argument had such a direct bearing on the case on trial, that the counsel for the defense was forced to reply to it by quotations from ancient authors, and to prove his position by

reciting extracts from the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, which, although not considered so orthodox as Coke and Blackstone, had the effect to mystify the prosecuting attorney, who forgot the "order of his going," and, beginning at both ends of his case, broke down in the middle; and the case being submitted to the jury, they returned a verdict of not guilty.

The argument of the two counsel caused the most intense delight to the court and spectators, and the result was just what all hoped for, and every body was satisfied.

The spirit of litigation was now rife. Every man in the settlement found cause of complaint against his neighbor, and the court was like to have its hands full. Captain Johnson's boys had found a barrel on the beach, and being naturally curious to know its contents, had, as the easiest way of gratifying their curiosity, knocked its head out. It contained vinegar, price $1 50 per gallon, and the whole thirty gallons ran out when the head caved in. The owner demanded remuneration at the hands of Captain Johnson, who swore he would "carry the case through all the courts first."

"I then suggested," says Mr. Swan, "that if any boy should throw stones and break his windows, he would be very likely to call on the boy's father to pay damages."

"There ain't any of my neighbors got boys big enough to break windows," said he; "and if there were, I'd break their heads." "Well," I replied, "would you not make their fathers pay for the broken glass?" "Yes, I would." "Very well; your boys, instead of breaking glass, have broken a barrel, and spilled the contents, and you are obliged to pay for or replace it." "But the owner wants me to pay him a dollar and a half a gallon, and I can buy the best at Astoria for a dollar."

"Well, you see the owner, and, as he is a reasonable man, I know he will only ask you what is just and right."

Johnson did as advised, and settled by giving his note on short time for thirty gallons vinegar at a dollar a gallon; but when it came due he declared he had been cheated in the gauge, so had the barrel regauged, *when it was found to measure forty gallons, which he was forced to pay, very much against his will.*

And so matters went on, until, but one short year after the appearance of the first lawyer, it would have been difficult to find a more litigiously-inclined village than Shoal-water Bay in the most civilized State of the Union.

We may add, in conclusion, that Washington Territory is fast filling up with a hardy race of backwoodsmen, who seem to find, in this Ultima Thule of our Union, the goal of all their hopes and desires.

BÉRANGER.

THE death of Béranger is an event which interests lovers of liberty and truth throughout the world. Peculiarly the type and the leader of the French people, Béranger was one of the masterminds of the present century, one of the noblest hearts, and one of the truest poets. We have, therefore, thought it right to devote some space to a notice of his life, and to accompany it with a portrait which does him justice.

He was essentially a man of the people. What his father was we hardly know. It seems, however, that he could not make a living or support his family. The poet was born in 1780, in the house of his grandfather, a poor Paris tailor, whose shop was near the market-place. This grandfather and an aunt who lived in the country were his real parents. His father figures twice in his biographical memoirs. Once as the author of an elaborate genealogical tree, which made it to appear that he was descended from the great *Berengers*, sometime a puissant and noble family in Provence. He wrote his name *de* Béranger, and his son, the poet, followed the example. To a friend who argued that the genealogy was not consistent with the different spelling of the two names, Béranger playfully suggested that as his noble ancestors were probably ignorant of orthography, the substitution of an *a* for an *e* could easily be accounted for. A second time the father seems to have turned up, when the poet went to Paris from the country, to ask him—

"My son, what trade would you like to follow?"

To which the son unhesitatingly replied, "I mean to be a poet."

But we are anticipating events.

Revolutionary outbreaks rendering his grandfather's residence unsafe, young Béranger was sent to his aunt's, in Picardy. The aunt, a worthy and very pious woman, set her nephew to study the Catechism, as the most improving work she knew. She was much troubled in mind by discovering that the fly-leaves of the book were soon scribbled over with extracts from Molière, Racine, and Voltaire. But her orthodoxy was put to a severer test. On the approach of a storm, the pious woman, according to the directions of the clergy, sprinkled her door and stoop with holy-water; the graceless nephew, watching the process, burst into laughter, but was almost instantaneously struck down by a flash of lightning. When he recovered his senses his first remark was—

"Well, aunt, I don't think your holy-water did us much good."

For a boy of such principles work was the only *régime.* He was sent both to school and to a printing-office. The former taught him Republicanism—the only thing he learned there; the latter developed his love for verse. The master printer, a man of judgment and taste, discerned his apprentice's aptitude, and encouraged him to persevere. It was at this period that he made the avowal we have mentioned to his father.

He went to Paris, leaving his heart behind him in the custody of a sweet little *Picarde*, who is known to fame as Lisette, and who seems to have been hardly worthy of such love as his. His scheme was to make money enough by writing poetry to support himself, and to send for Lisette to share his home. He soon found out the folly of the former hope. Royalist conspirators, indeed, offered him money to join their plots, but fortune from such a source the young democrat scorned. As he wrote in one of his gayest songs:

"Pan! pan! Est ce ma brune,
Pan! pan! Qui frappe en bas?
Pan! pan! C'est la fortune;
Pan! pan! Je n'ouvre pas.
Tous mes amis, le verre en main,
De joie enivrent ma chambrette;
Nous n'attendons plus que Lisette;
Fortune, passe ton chemin!"

Fortune, indeed, took the hint, and fled; but Lisette came to share her lover's poverty. How sore that poverty was we learn from a letter of Béranger's subsequently published:

"I was so poor! The smallest indulgence compelled me to live for a week on thin bread soup that I cooked myself, heaping up all the while rhyme upon rhyme, and full of hopes of coming fame. My eyes fill with tears at the mere mention of that joyous period of my life, when, unknown, and without a certainty of daily bread, I dreamed of the future, and tasted the pleasures of the present!"

Pressed by want, he wrote a haughty letter to Lucien Bonaparte, inclosing some poetry; received

BÉRANGER.

a kind reply, pecuniary aid, and subsequently an assignment of Lucien's pension as a member of the Academy, which secured him from absolute starvation.

He then settled down to his true vocation—as the songster of France. His first songs, which were for the most part Bacchanalian, anacreontic, and social, without obvious political bearing, appeared under the Empire, and placed him at once at the head of the poets of France. The Emperor himself was heard to hum the *Roi d'Yvetot*—the people sang nothing but Béranger. His fame was instantaneous. He was offered the censorship of printed books, which, of course, he scorned; but Lucien's pension having been stopped, and his songs proving any thing but lucrative, he was glad to accept a clerkship in the University, which gave him a modest income.

Napoleon fell. Béranger, an intense admirer of his genius, but a firm enemy of his despotism, had never sung either in his praise or against him. But the restoration of the Bourbons roused his muse. That imbecile family he hated and despised; they had not been a month in France before he turned them into ridicule. His famous song about the Cossacks—

"Nos amis les ennemis"—

was the beginning of a warfare which never flagged. He soon received "a warning" from the police, and for several years his songs appeared anonymously, often in manuscript. Ashamed at last of this appearance of concealment (though the authorship of the songs was always recognized at once) he resigned his clerkship in 1821, and the same day published a volume of songs, including some of his sharpest satires on the Bourbons.

The Government was baffled by his resignation, but not vanquished. In the tavern of Mother Saguet, in a retired corner of Paris, there met, once a week, a choice circle of the most cultivated men in France. The condition of membership was that each person should sing a song of his own composition at the festive meetings; and, with Béranger for President, and an excellent cellar to draw upon, it is likely that the meetings were pleasant enough. On the very evening on which his book of songs appeared, the Club of the Moulin Vert—so it was called—met at the tavern and made a jovial night of it. When it came to the President's turn to sing, he gave, for the first time, that wonderful composition, *Le Dieu des bonnes gens;* which, however offensive to our religious creed, precisely expressed the sentiments of the bulk of the French people, and must be confessed to be one of the most perfect gems of poetry in any language. This was enough. A Judas—the editor of a government print—sat at the table. Next morning Béranger was denounced; that afternoon the volume of poems was seized and Béranger was imprisoned.

His indictment is a curious commentary on the various systems of despotism that have flourished in France. He was accused of outraging public morality, decency, religion, and the royal person. Marchangy, the public prosecutor, demanded a sentence of imprisonment for life, or for at least several years. He gave in evidence seven songs, some of which are certainly very loose, while others are heterodox, and two disrespectful to the Bourbons. Dupin, the great lawyer, then a young man, defended Béranger with such warmth that the penalty inflicted—for he was found guilty—was only a fine, which his friends paid, and three months' imprisonment.

Released from prison at the end of his term, he published at intervals those exquisite songs, in which the Jesuits are so unmercifully castigated. Marchangy was down upon him again, with all the thunders of his massive eloquence. The culprit was this time condemned to nine months' imprisonment and $2000 fine. On the day of the sentence a subscription was opened for the liquidation of the latter at the banking-house of Lafitte: it was discharged directly. Béranger, at the prison of La Force, held daily court: the best men in France thronged the corridor which led to his cell. The poems dated from that cell are among the most joyous he ever composed. The Government gained nothing but odium by the prosecution.

As to frightening Béranger, the thing was out of the question. A few days after his release, his friend Fontan, a journalist, called upon him with a proof in his hand.

"Master," said the editor, "the Ministry have betrayed Galotti to the Neapolitans. I have written this article on the subject. It will send me to prison. Read it."

Béranger read, and observed that it was certainly likely to lead to the writer's prosecution. He advised his friend to reflect.

"Master," asked Fontan, "did you ever strike a line out of a song of yours from fear of a prison?"

"Never!"

"Then I will print the article." He was as good as his word; printed it, and was ruined by the fine and imprisonment which followed.

The leading characteristic of Béranger from his earliest youth to his ripe old age was the serene philosophy which enabled him to be happy under any privations, and in the face of the most untoward reverses. When Lisette betrayed him, he conld write:

Lisette, ma Lisette,
Tu m'as trompé toujours;
Mais vive la grisette,
Je bois a nos amours.

When she disappeared—how and when we know not—he consoled himself with some equally complaisant and equally facile beauty; jealousy and disappointment were unknown to him. Poverty and prison really seemed to pique his jovial muse. A new disaster now befell him. His publisher failed—sweeping away with him $3500 which Béranger had stored up from the proceeds of his works.

Lafitte, the banker, hearing of the circumstance, sent for M. Bossange, the great Paris publisher (father of M. E. Bossange of this city), and handing him the exact sum which Béranger had lost—18,000 francs—bade him offer it to the poet for three years' sales of his works.

"*Parbleu!*" said the gay songster to M. Bossange as he signed the bargain and took the money, "you appear to me to be playing the part of Providence."

The act was no sooner signed than M. Bossange—unwilling to receive marks of gratitude which were not fairly due to him—disclosed Lafitte's share in the transaction. Béranger instantly tore up the contract and returned the money. Nor would he renew the negotiation. The anecdote is alike honorable to all parties concerned.

At a later period he sold to M. Perrotin all his copyrights, present and future, for a life rent of 800 francs. The publisher realized an enormous fortune—a couple of millions it is said, from the speculation; he generously increased Béranger's allowance as his profits swelled, until it amounted, we believe, at the time of his death, to something like 2000 francs—a very small sum, undoubtedly, in view of the writer's popularity, but as much as the poet ever cared to have.

In 1830 he divided popular enthusiasm with Lafitte and Lafayette. His bust was carried through the streets, and the people demanded, and the new king agreed, that he should have a Cabinet office. But Béranger never trusted Louis Philippe, and abhorred public life.

He fled to Passy in company with Mademoiselle Judith, a grisette of the Quartier Latin, who was, we believe, his only domestic. In a charming rural retreat in that village, with this companion—who was well worthy of his affection, he spent many years of his life. It was at this period that he wrote the touching stanzas to Judith, which begin:

Vous vieillirez, ô ma belle maitresse,
Vous vieillirez, et je ne serai plus;
Pour moi le temps semble dans sa vitesse
Compter deux fois les jours que j'ai perdus.
Survivez moi, mais quel'age pénible
Vous trouve encor fidèle a mes lecons;
Et bonne vieille, au coin d'un feu paisible,
De votre ami répétez les chansons!

He wrote but little more. Publishers in vain persecuted him for a new song; he had the prudence to know that he had written enough for his fame, and the additions which he made to his collection were few and far between.

A choice circle of friends—the *élite* of France, some of them cabinet ministers, whose ancient friendship for the old poet stood the shock of his undisguised opposition to the Orleans *régime*—used to visit him at Passy, and feast with him on the pork and cabbage which Judith cooked in their presence before she took her seat at the head of the table. Among his most intimate friends were the great preachers Lacordaire, Lamennais, and the Protestant Coquerel. To Passy, too, flocked all manner of young poets, to seek encouragement—verbal and pecuniary—from the veteran songster. His purse was often drained by these leeches; but his liberal publisher, who usually foresaw the accident, insisted on supplying his little household with all manner of necessaries, on the delicate pretense that the game, fish, or groceries sent were so rare of their kind as to be allowable presents.

Generous as he was, however, to deserving young men, Béranger was not *soft*. One ungrateful fellow who had misused his bounty called on him again in the fall of 1832.

"What! my dear fellow," said the poet, "what a chance you have lost!"

"How so?" inquired the visitor.

"Why, didn't you hear of it? The cholera. You might have died."

This was an exceptional case. Young authors have seldom had a kinder, a more judicious, or a more generous friend than Béranger.

After many years' residence at Passy, the municipal council of that *commune* bethought themselves that they ought to pay some compliment to their illustrious neighbor; and in their simplicity they could think of nothing so appropriate as to offer him, gratuitously, a nice shady spot in the village burial-ground as a last resting-place. Philosophic as he was, this business-like preparation for his demise shocked the old poet; he fled from Passy, and hid himself first at Fontainebleau, then at Tours. For a time he enjoyed what he prized above all things—obscurity—in these new abodes; he was able to play his favorite game of ball, and to grow his flowers in peace. But the quidnuncs found him out at last, and he fled, in haste, to Paris, and took a modest apartment in the Quartier Latin.

One evening shortly after his arrival in the city, his friend Judith tempted him to visit the *Closerie des Lilacs*—a famous dancing-place for the students and *grisettes.* He was permitted to watch the dancing in peace but for a few minutes. A student recognized him, and calling to his partner, cried,

"There is Béranger! Run and kiss him!"

The moment the name flew round all the girls rushed to follow the example, the old poet was nearly smothered with kisses, and it needed all the energy of Judith and the police to extricate him from his fair assailants' embraces.

This drove him to seek another residence. Indeed from that time to his death his greatest annoyance was his popularity. Judith could not go to market without having a napoleon slipped into her basket as a bribe to permit some admirer of the old songster to see him.

He had refused every thing from the government of Louis Philippe—honors, titles, offices, a seat in the academy and even the cross of the legion of honor. The last active political act of his life was a letter which he wrote to the promoters of the famous banquet of February, 1848, declining to be present at the banquet, on the ground that as the law excluded him from exercising the suffrage in consequence of his poverty, he had no business to take part in political affairs. The letter produced an immense sensation, and was one of the prime causes of the outbreak which led to the Revolution. When that Revolution was effected, Béranger heartily gave in his adhesion to the new authorities. He was elected to the National Assembly; but refused, in spite of an earnest appeal from that body, to exchange his quiet repose for an active life.

Since the Empire, he has sought more earnestly

than ever the solace of obscurity. Some years ago he married Judith; she died in 1855, leaving her old friend inconsolable. The Emperor, with that sagacity which pre-eminently distinguishes him, sought in every way in his power to compliment and honor the old poet. The Empress constantly sent him presents and kind messages; but beyond a polite expression of his gratitude, their Majesties took nothing by their trouble.

As the hour of his death approached, the malady from which he had suffered for years having gained the mastery over his constitution, the Empress made strenuous efforts to induce Béranger to make his peace with the Church. The priests were ready to give him the communion if he would take it. But Béranger's feelings were not to be overcome. Some years before, when his intimate friend, the Countess of Nanteuil, died, the priests refused to give her absolution until she revoked a clause in her will leaving a handsome legacy to the poet. Perhaps he remembered this, and the prosecution of the Jesuits. Certain it is that he refused to the last to receive a priest, or take the Sacrament.

The approach of his death was a momentous event both for the Government and for the people of Paris. Fearful lest the Emperor should steal away his body to bury it privately, as he did with that of Lamennais, bands of workmen mounted guard at his door in the Rue Vendome, and watched there night and day. The Government immediately concentrated an immense military force on Paris. With the hatred of public display which had characterized him throughout life, Béranger had written a letter some time before to his friend and publisher, requesting that he might be buried as privately as possible. The Government got hold of this, and instantly announced that it would carry out the will of the deceased with all the armed force of the city. He died late in the afternoon; all that night troops were entering Paris and taking up good positions, in the neighborhood of the Boulevards. An immense force of artillery was concealed in the squares of large buildings; dragoons thronged the streets; fifty thousand men were on foot. During the night, neither Marshal Magnan, nor the Emperor, who was at Plombières, went to bed; the telegraph was at work all night.

The funeral took place at noon the next day—in order to anticipate an organized *émeute*. Even these precautions were not deemed sufficient; for the crowd which assembled to follow the poor poet to the grave—and which consisted of not less than 200,000 persons—were purposely misinformed of the direction the procession would take, and by the time they discovered the mistake the corpse was buried. Napoleon consoles the French by calling the street where he died Rue Béranger, and promising a magnificent monument to his memory.

Béranger ranks higher than most of the French poets of the day, by his superior manliness and independence of thought. As a song-writer, he is without a rival in any tongue. Persons ignorant of French and of Moore's history have compared the two; it need only be said that Béranger deserves as much respect as Moore contempt. We are indebted, in this country, to a distinguished member of the press of this city, William Young, Esq., for an elegant version of Béranger's principal songs. It may be doubted, however, whether any foreign version of those admirable works could do justice to the originals.

LITERARY.

A Child's History of Greece, *by John Bonner*, author of "A Child's History of Rome," etc. Two vols. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers.

No writer of books of the class to which this belongs has succeeded so well as Mr. Bonner in making his subject interesting to children. He gains their attention by a clear, graphic, lively style of narrative; keeps it by the utmost skill in giving to his facts all the charm of romance; and in the end conveys more instruction and useful information than the young reader will have acquired by the study of a dozen books of the ordinary kind. He brings the country of which he writes directly before the child, makes him familiar with it by the aid of just such illustrations as most forcibly and most plainly impress on his mind all its characteristics, and by this means he stamps history on the boy's memory. The children like the books, and need no other impulse to induce them to read them.

Nor is it children alone who read them. Taking up these volumes, we have found ourselves insensibly led along in them by the freshness of Mr. Bonner's style, and the novelty which he gives to the narrative, until we have nearly finished a volume at a sitting. It is, in fact, worth the while of old classical scholars to review their knowledge of Grecian history in these small volumes, and be roused up by the dry humor which pervades them and makes them specially amusing.

Thine and Mine; or, the Step-Mother's Reward, *by Flora Neale*, of Baltimore. New York: Derby & Jackson.

A very pleasant, quiet story of American home-life.

Thomas Nelson & Sons publish in New York and Edinburgh a series of small illustrations of Bible Lands and Scenes that are exquisitely beautiful, and should be in the possession of every one. They consist of three series of colored plates—one being the Cities of Palestine; the second, Asia Minor and Syria; and the third, Eastern Manners and Customs. Of the accuracy of most of them we can affirm from observation, while the delicacy of the work, the finish of tint and drawing, render them among the most beautiful works of art. They are sold at a low price, and we commend them especially for presents to Sunday-school and other children. At the same time, they will afford all readers of Eastern travel, and of the Bible itself, pleasant and reliable illustrations. They are accompanied by explanatory notes.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

POLITICAL.

FOREIGN APPOINTMENTS.

It is announced that no more foreign appointments will be made till the meeting of Congress. Two causes are assigned for this determination. In the first place, but few of the posts for which there are applicants have as yet been placed at the disposal of the President by the resignation of the incumbents; and, secondly, it is deemed only respectful to the Senate to give that body an opportunity of ratifying or rejecting appointments before the appointees leave the country. Great numbers of office-seekers have left Washington in consequence.

PACIFICATION OF KANSAS.

It is understood that Governor Walker apprehends no further difficulty at Kansas, and overtures for conciliation were daily expected from the people of Lawrence. As soon as the Lawrence insurgents realize their unsupported position, and reflect on the military force that has been summoned to enforce the law, it is supposed that they will yield. Some further discussion is likely to arise in reference to the collection of taxes.

General Stringfellow has written a letter denying that he ever slept in the same bed with Colonel Lane.

SUPPRESSION OF THE SLAVE-TRADE.

The case of the alleged slaver *Panchita* has been laid before the Government by the counsel for the owners; while, on the other hand, the very grievous case of the British officers who have been held to bail here for bringing that vessel home, has been strongly urged on the notice of the Administration by Lord Napier. It seems that, instead of having 80 guns on the coast of Africa to carry out the Ashburton treaty, we have only 63, whence the necessity for the seizure of the *Panchita* by the British cruiser. The Navy Department is understood to be bestirring itself to fulfill the treaty.

THE INTEROCEANIC ROUTES.

The various claimants of the Tehuantepec grant have at length agreed upon a compromise, and a new Company has been formed with a capital of ten millions, in which all the interests are fairly represented. This Company promises to have the route open to trade within a few months.—The Costa Ricans are said to have granted the Nicaragua transit route to Mr. Webster and others, who are about to commence a warfare with the rival claimants for its possession. The Government have received no advices from Mr. W. Carey Jones since he left.

ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.

According to the latest returns, there seems little room to doubt the triumph of Rollins, Emancipationist candidate for Governor of Missouri. Some Democrats at Washington, however, still withhold their belief.

In Kentucky, the Democrats have decidedly elected eight out of the ten members of Congress.

The Americans have likewise lost ground in North Carolina. The delegation will be Democratic, there being but one member about whom there is any doubt.

In Alabama, likewise, the election has been a triumph for the Democrats, whose entire ticket seems to have been successful.

In Tennessee, it is not yet certain whether Emerson Etheredge (Know Nothing) may not have been re-elected.

Nebraska (so far as heard from) has elected Ferguson (Democrat) delegate to Congress.

The Democrats have probably carried their county tickets in most counties in Iowa. The new Constitution is ratified by over 4000 majority.

The Democrats and Republicans of Minnesota are arranging for a Committee of Conference to draw up a Constitution to be submitted to the people. The resolution for a Committee of Conference was passed by the Republican Convention on 10th, and (notwithstanding an adverse vote) would probably be adopted by the Democratic Convention at an early day.

The Republican State Convention of Ohio have renominated Salmon P. Chase for Governor.

A GUBERNATORIAL PLATFORM.

Mr. E. Stanly, who was nominated by the Republican State Convention of California for Governor, sent the following telegraphic message by way of reply:

"San Francisco, July 9, 1857.

"To Messrs. T. W. Park, Ira P. Rankin, and A. A. Sargent:

"Soon after I learned the Lord's Prayer and the Ten Commandments, I was taught that every man had duties to discharge to his country, in peace as well as in war. California is a part of our country. Among the first to advocate her claims to admission in the Union, I shall be the last to say she has no claim on me.

"If you can not prevail, as I hope you may, on a better man to be your standard-bearer, and can trust a North Carolinian upon faith in his past life and expressed opinions, my name is at your service.

"I know the honest men and patriots who make this nomination will do their country no harm.

"Yours, etc., Ed. Stanly."

AN EMANCIPATIONIST PLATFORM.

The Governor elect of Missouri, Major Rollins, thus described his views on slavery and the emancipationist platform during the canvass:

"Now, in regard to my opinion upon the subject of 'Emancipation.' I hear it said occasionally that Missouri is destined to be a free State. Very well; I am in favor of leaving that question to higher than human laws. I am in favor of submitting that question to the laws of climate, of emigration, of labor, and of production, which, first or last, affect the destinies of man and commonwealths, and to the clear guidance of Him who does all things well. [Marks of enthusiasm.]

"I say, let us throw wide open our doors and invite here men of the North, of the South, and men of every tongue and kindred upon the habitable globe. Invite them here to cultivate our prairies, to till our lands, to aid in developing our mineral resources, and to aid us in filling up our great cities, and in making Missouri the proudest and noblest commonwealth in this sisterhood of States; and if, my friends, this cordial system of emigration from North and South—if, I say, this emigration in the course of years brings about such a disproportion between the white and the black races that it is no longer the interest of the people of the State of Missouri to continue it a Slave State, I say, 'then let it go.' [Tremendous cheers.]

"My opinion is that, in consequence of the agitation that such a question will awaken in the State, and in consequence of the fact that we have not a very large slave population in Missouri; in consequence of the fact that we occupy a high northern latitude here; in consequence of the fact that the disproportion between the white and the black races is becoming greater and greater; and of the fact that in course of time—in ten, twenty, or fifty years, most probably—it will become the interest of the slaveholder himself to stay the current of slave population in the State of Missouri, that it is better to do without this institution; I say that, in consequence of all these laws, and considerations and causes now opening, it would be best to leave the question alone."

THE SOUTHERN COMMERCIAL CONVENTION.

The Southern Commercial Convention has been in session at Knoxville, Tennessee. It adopted resolutions urging the Government to withdraw the squadron from the coast of Africa, and to fortify the harbors of Port Royal (South Carolina) and Mobile. Resolutions were offered, and referred to the Committee, indorsing Dudley Mann's scheme, advocating Government patronage for Southern steamers, and the repeal of the fishery bounties. It further adopted resolutions against free trade and direct taxation; against the South receiving goods from States not upholding the Fugitive Slave Law; against any discrimination of the Government in favor of foreign mail lines from Northern ports; in favor of the exemption of one slave to each slaveholder from seizure for debt; in favor of erecting Arizona into a territory; in favor of recovering certain lands lost by recent treaty with Mexico; also, reported that the time had not yet arrived for the calling of a convention in reference to the African Slave Trade. Resolutions in favor of Montgomery as the next place of meeting for the Convention, and in favor of the withdrawal of the squadron from the African coast, were adopted.

PERSONAL.

The President has returned from Bedford Springs to Washington, and is about to spend a portion of the season at Niagara.

Generals Walker and Henningsen arrived at Savannah on the 8th, but there was no public demonstration on the occasion.

The Hon. Millard Fillmore and the Hon. Francis Granger are at Saratoga.

Hon. J. J. Seibels, our Minister at Brussels, has tendered his resignation.

Private advices from Texas say Colonel James Reilly will succeed General Houston in the Senate. Ex-Governor Henderson will be tendered the seat made vacant by General Rusk's death.

The Hon. John A. Quitman has been renominated, without opposition, as the Democratic candidate for Congress from the Fifth District of Mississippi.

The Sioux City (Iowa) *Eagle* announces the arrival at that place of a Russian captain and a noted professor at St. Petersburg, who have been sent abroad by the Emperor on a scientific commission.

It was reported at Vera Cruz, at latest dates, that Ex-President Santa Anna had died, but of the reliability of the report we are not advised.

The warm contest between the Hon. Henry May and James W. Buchanan, of Baltimore, has resulted in the triumph of the latter, who is said to have been tendered the mission to St. Petersburg.

The French government has given the widow of Charles Morey, the American improperly shot by a guard in a Paris prison, $15,000 as indemnity.

Hon. Henry C. Murphy, our minister to the Hague, left in the *Baltic* on Sunday.

Mr. Charles Spear, the well-known Boston philanthropist, has been in town, visiting the city prisons. Mr. Spear has written and published much in favor of the abolition of capital punishment and the amelioration of prison discipline. Mr. Spear is *en route* for Chicago to attend a convention having for its object the furtherance of his views.

Mrs. Cunningham has been removed, greatly against her will, from 31 Bond Street to the Tombs. She occupies her old cell, and is attended by one of her daughters. The Judges have refused to accept bail in her case.

Miss H. G. Hosmer arrived in the *Canada*, from Liverpool. She has been absent in Rome the last five years, pursuing the study of the art of sculpture.

Preparations are being made to procure a testimonial for Miss Maria Mitchell of Nantucket, the celebrated female astronomer, who is now absent in Europe. It is thought that if a sufficient sum is raised, the present to her will be the "Sharon Observatory," so called. Of the $3000 required for its purchase more than one-third has been pledged by ladies in or near Philadelphia, to whom the Observatory in question is well known.

Mr. Choate has felt constrained, on account of his pressing engagements in the courts, to decline the invitation extended to him to address the Mercantile Library Association of St. Louis the coming season.

Mr. Washington Carrol Tevis, of Philadelphia, lately in the service of the Sultan as *Nessim Bey*, has been made a Khan by the Shah, and received the title of *Runjeet Khan*. His rank is that of Lieutenant-colonel of Artillery, and he is employed to reorganize the Persian army entirely. He has also received from the Sultan of Turkey a medal for his services in the war with Russia.

The last slave in the State of New York died at Little Neck, Long Island, a few days ago. Her name was Margaret Rine, and her age 79. She belonged to the Van Zandt family, and refused to be manumitted, and they took care of her with great pleasure till she died.

The Democratic triumph in Kentucky carries with it a United States Senator, to succeed John B. Thompson, whose term expires in 1859. Mr. Guthrie, ex-Secretary of the Treasury, it is supposed, will be chosen, which would fulfill a wish of Governor Marcy, expressed just before his death. Kentucky, with the exception of a few months' service by Mr. Merriwether, under executive appointment, has never been represented in the United States Senate by a Democrat.

The news of the death of Lablache is authoritatively contradicted. Lablache is said to be at Kissingen, with his daughter, Madame Singer, and to have derived much benefit from the waters.

Ex-Senator Soulé, Hon. J. P. Benjamin, and other distinguished Southern gentlemen have gone to Mexico, on business, it is conjectured, connected with the Tehuantepec grant.

A Long Branch correspondent of the Trenton *Gazette* gives an account of a rebuke administered to a party of fashionables at that place. Governor Newell, of New Jersey, and his wife, having arrived at the Mansion House just at the dinner hour, entered the dining-hall before Mrs. N. changed her attire. The party alluded to immediately, not knowing her, made audible remarks on her appearance, and spoke indignantly because the waiters, to whom Governor N. was known, waited on him. Various insulting allusions were made in the table conversation. In the evening, when Mrs. N. appeared in the parlor in full dress, she was saluted by a gentleman who happened to be a friend of the ladies in the fashionable party, and who subsequently, on their inquiry, informed them who Mrs. N. was. They immediately sent abject apologies, which she refused to receive, not on account of personal resentment, but because their conduct exhibited them as persons not fitted to associate with genuine ladies, and she would not recognize them as such.

Mr. George Peabody has made his farewell visit to Danvers, and met with a warm reception. He visited the Peabody Library, the High School, and other places of interest. In the evening, at the Town Hall, which had been finely decorated for the occasion, an opportunity was afforded to the people of the town to take a farewell of Mr. Peabody, who, in reply to some remarks of the Rev. Dr. Braman, president of the evening, made a brief address. Mr. Peabody in a few weeks returns to England.

TERRIBLE STEAMBOAT COLLISION.

An awful collision took place on the Long Island Sound about two o'clock on Saturday morning, between the Fall River steamer *Metropolis* and the New London and Norwich propeller *J. W. Harris*, which resulted in the almost instantaneous sinking of the *Harris*, carrying down with her fifteen human beings, and a cargo of assorted merchandise, valued at between $50,000 and $60,000. The *J. W. Harris* was valued at about $22,500. No marine insurance. After the collision the passengers of the *Metropolis*, some 200 or 300 in number, formed themselves into a committee, and proceeded to relieve the immediate suffering of such of the wrecked passengers and crew as had been saved, and raised $495, which was distributed among them. An invalid gentleman on the *Metropolis*, named George Tappen, from New Bedford, Massachusetts, on his way with his wife South for his health, became so nervous and excited in consequence of the accident that he went into a paralytic fit and immediately expired.

THE NEW BEDFORD REGATTA.

The Regatta of the New York Yacht Club took place at New Bedford on August 13. The vessels started from Butler's Flats at about half past eleven. Seventeen vessels went around the entire course, which is thirty-three miles; allowing for tacking, the distance passed over was fully forty-four miles. The *Minnie*, sloop, of the second-class, rounded the outer stake-boat first, and made the shortest time for entire distance—forty-four miles in four hours, fifty-one minutes, three seconds. The average time of the squadron is about five and one-half hours. The winning boats are: First-class—*Haze*, Moses H. Grinnell, first prize; *Juliette*, N. B. Palmer, second prize. Second-class—*Minnie*, W. H. Thomas, first; *Madgie*, R. F. Soper, second. Third-class—*Richmond*, C. H. Mallory, first; *Bonita*, George H. Brown, second. The sail was made in the finest style. No accidents occurred worth mentioning, except to Bennett's yacht *Rebecca*, which lost her jib. Every accessible point was occupied by spectators, and vessels of all sorts crowded the harbor as the yachts sailed up on the return. All arrived between quarter past four and half past five. The *Una* and *Rowena* put back early in the race, through a misunderstanding, but will not protest against the result. The yachtmen are all loud in their praise of Joseph Grinnell's *déjeuner à la fourchette*, given to the squadron. Nearly all the Club were present, together with the brother of the host, Moses H. Grinnell, of New York, who was there in his yacht *Haze*—"hazing around." Mr. Grinnell's residence is one of the finest about the city, and the surrounding grounds were thrown open to his guests in the most liberal style. Moses H. Grinnell also gave a fine levee. The abundant hospitality with which the yachtmen were treated last year, and which lent its influence in bringing them again to New Bedford, was more than equaled this year.

A COLORED MAN'S JOKE.

William Wells Brown, the colored orator, who is not so black as some white men, told a very good story at Abington celebration on Saturday, August 1. On a steamboat on Cayuga lake, the other day, he went to the breakfast table with the other passengers. Just as he took his seat, a dark-colored white man called a waiter and asked if colored persons were admitted to the table with white folks. The waiter did not know exactly what to say, so he called the Captain, who, on entering the cabin, inquired who had called for him. "I, Sir," said Mr. Brown, pointing to the dark stranger; "I desire to know if it is your custom to allow colored people at the regular table?" The Captain replied that no objection had ever been made before, and seeing the dark-white man evidently annoyed in spirit, appealed to the generosity of the colored orator to allow him to remain. Mr. Brown finally consented, and at this turn of affairs the white man, who was so black as to be passed for a negro, left the table in utter disgust and unable to speak his thoughts.

SHARK-FISHING OFF RACE POINT.

A party of fishermen have been catching sharks within nine miles of New London, Connecticut. One of them thus describes the sport:

"Captain Joab baited the hook with the half of a fish, and over it went, with about a pound of lead attached. About forty feet of line was paid out, when the lead sounded bottom.

"Mr. R——y found shark-fishing a good deal like your account of bass-fishing off the pier, 'plenty of glorious nibbles, with the hook skinned, and now and then a sea-weed.'

"'Hold on,' says the resolute captain, 'and you'll have him yet.' And sure enough, a few moments after, a half stifled 'by jingo!' escaped the compressed lips of our friend; and looking round, we saw him pulling 'hand over fist,' with his feet braced against the stern of the boat, his eyes dilated, and his teeth firmly set. 'Hand me the lance there!' cried the old skipper. 'Heave away on her, my lad!' shouted the captain, now as excited as any one. 'Keep away from the line, and let me play it out!' responded R——y to proffered assistance.

"A few more pulls, and a dark object was visible, rising slowly up near the stern. In an instant, down went the lance from the hand of the captain. Whiz went the line, through the hands of the shark-catcher, while a stream of blood rising to the top, proved that the captain was right in saying that he had 'gin it to the brute.' A steady pull brought him up again, exhausted from the loss of blood; but sure enough, there he was, a genuine shark, not so large, quite, but no doubt the same species with the one caught off Nahant, and examined by Professor Agassiz, a regular 'tiger shark.' At any rate, if he wasn't, it would take a naturalist to tell the difference, for, as he turned over on his back, and opened his huge jaws, set round with a double row of long white teeth, we felt the blood crawling through our veins, and thought at once of the picture, so familiar in boyhood, in the old family Bible, of Jonah diving into the whale's mouth, and of the pictures of heathen mothers throwing their infants into the crocodile's jaws; and we thought how easy it would be for that chap to take down a year-old baby at a gulp.

"While this was running through my mind, amidst the greatest shouting and hustling from all hands in the boat, and thrashing and diving of Mr. Shark, the indomitable captain was lunging the spear into his sides with a hearty good-will, accompanying each thrust with a significant grunt, as if to say: 'Ah, you dog! I'll bet you're the chap that stole my hooks t'other day! I'll pay you, you ugly beast,' while the shark would roll up his wicked eye at the captain, looking as if he thought within himself, 'Yes, old salt, if I had you over here, with fair play, I'd rake the meat off your leg in a hurry.' As it was, the shark was no match for the captain. After fifteen minutes' hard struggle he was laid out, and towed forward, and made fast to the bow.

"Northampton tried it next. 'I guess,' says Joab, 'the rest on 'em is druv away just now, but there's enough hereabouts I know.'

"We had about an hour's good fishing for flounders, when all at once not a bite was to be had.

"'Thar boys, the dogs is round agin,' says Joab, 'that's a sure sign. When there's no bites, the sharks is nosing 'round.'

"'Right agin for the captain. Stand clear! hand in your lines! Where's the lance? lend a hand here!' captain notified to clear the decks for action.

"'What a lunker!' ejaculated the excited but firm old commodore, and crash went the lance into his jaws.

"The next blow was well aimed, and hit him in the 'withals,' as the captain allowed. This shark measured just nine feet lacking an inch, and would weigh, at a low estimate, two hundred and fifty pounds.

"I will not detain you with the details of my own experience. I was fortunate enough to get a 'strike' with the first cast. Here was fishing for you. I have pulled in a sixteen pound pickerel, but I had never before 'played' a three-hundred-pound shark on the end of a bed-cord. The skin raked off from my hands when the line was whistled through testifies to what the captain called the 'blasted grit of the critters.'"

A MATRIMONIAL HOAX.

There has been circulated in Michigan a singular hoax in relation to a young "school marm" in Ingham county, who was sometime since sentenced to Jackson State Prison for life, for whipping or hanging a little girl, so that she died from her injuries. According to the story, the girl was to be released from prison whenever a young man should appear who would be willing to marry her; and the father of the unfortunate girl had offered the handsome sum of $20,000 to him who would make the "bold attempt." The full particulars are given by the *Citizen*, of the appearance of several candidates for matrimonial honor, with the $20,000 attraction. The last young gent. who applied was the thirty-ninth.

FIGHT BETWEEN A DOG AND A SNAKE.

George F. Berry, a boy thirteen years old, living in Kidder's Block, Manchester, New Hampshire, went out Monday morning to pick blue berries beyond Rock Rimmon. He had been there but a short time when a six-foot snake, of a dark hue and red stripe around his neck, jumped at him from a bush and wound twice around his body, fastening both his arms in his coils, being squeezed hard enough to prevent scream or move. The dog, seeing his master's life in danger, rushed to his aid, biting and tearing a stripe off the snake's back. The boy got relieved from the deadly grasp and took to his heels; but the snake coiled around the dog, and would have crushed him if he had not fought like a tiger. Both found home safe again. The boy complains not of hurt but fright.

ANOTHER BEAR STORY.

The Detroit bear has nearly caused another death. The scene of the second affair was about six miles east of the city, and about a mile and a half from the steam saw-mill owned and operated by Mr. John Rumney. A party of men were engaged in the woods on Thursday last, in constructing a shanty, when, it being found that a certain stick of timber was needed for use, a German named Heidam took an axe and went into the swamp to cut it. He was in search of an appropriate piece for the purpose intended, when he was startled by the sudden apparition of a large black bear standing a few feet from him, and eying him intently. A large dog, which accompanied him, immediately attacked the bear, seizing him by the haunches, and hanging on like grim death. Heidam, seeing the bear occupied in defending herself against the dog, thought he had a sure thing of it, and approached to strike her with the axe. The bear, seeing his movement, raised herself upon her haunches, and, as Heidam struck at her head with the axe, caught the blow with her fore-paw, and sent the axe flying through the air, entirely out of reach. The force of the blow being entirely miscalculated, the consequence was that

Heidam lost his balance, and the bear caught him in its grasp, and held him in a deadly hug, that deprived him of every power of motion. The dog meanwhile worked manfully for his master, and kept the bear's teeth in constant action in defending herself from his attacks, thus saving his master's life. Fortunately, the party which Heidam had just left was not far distant, and his cries for help, together with the loud growlings of the dog, attracted their attention, and one of the party, seizing a broad-axe, hastened in the direction of the noise. Coming in sight of the bear, who still held Heidam in a deadly grasp, he made a rush at her with his broad-axe. The animal, not liking the looks of this reinforcement, let go of the man, and made off at full speed, followed by the dog, who soon returned badly wounded. Heidam, upon being released, dropped upon the ground senseless, from the effects of the hug, and was taken up by his companions and carried to a place of safety, where he was resuscitated. He has not yet recovered from the effects of the desperate struggle, so as to be able to do any thing.

ONE OF THE BENEFITS OF TOBACCO.

A Boston correspondent of the Hampshire *Gazette* says that sharks so abound this season upon the coast that few dare to indulge in the luxury of sea-bathing, excepting inveterate tobacco-chewers, who can swim "outside" with perfect impunity, as it is said that sharks (like cannibals) will not touch human flesh tainted with the filthy and poisonous weed. This fact probably accounts for the great increase of the habit among young men who frequent watering-places, and who do little except smoke Spanish cigars of unquestionable flavor.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

PARLIAMENT.

But little business of importance has been transacted since our last. The Government, having been left in a minority of sixty on the second reading of the Superannuation Bill, will offer no further opposition to that bill. There have been conversations on Indian matters, the Divorce Bill, the British dispute with Venezuela, etc.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

The Royal assent has been given to the bill incorporating the Atlantic Telegraph Company. All the vessels comprising the expedition for laying the Atlantic Telegraphic cable duly arrived at Cork, and left that port for Valentia on the 3d of August. The vessels were to commence sinking the cable on the 4th of August.

A house was being constructed at the terminus, into which would be introduced the end of the cable, and, during the progress of the laying of it, no one will have permission there excepting the Secretary of the Company and his assistants, and they will avoid all communication with persons outside. Progress will be reported daily to all parts of Europe. The paying-out experiments from the *Agamemnon* between Dover and Queenstown were perfectly successful.

The following was the latest telegraphic dispatch received regarding the cable:

"Queenstown, July 31, 1857.

"*Richard Stuart, Esq., Agent of the Associated Press, Liverpool:*

"The submarine cable on board the *Niagara* and *Agamemnon*, over twenty-five hundred miles long, was joined together last evening, and *messages sent through its entire length in less than a second.* Every thing works beautifully, and we are all in high spirits. The Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland is expected to witness the commencement of the proceedings.

(Signed) "Cyrus W. Field."

ANOTHER SPEECH OF THACKERAY'S.

We find in the English papers fragments of Mr. Thackeray's speech after his defeat at Oxford. He said:

"Friends and electors, give me leave to address to you a word or two. I know that those who sport the red, white, and blue are my friends, and I hope that I shall part good friends with the green and yellow also. Let me tell you a little story, and a true one. Some years ago, when boxing was the fashion, two of the greatest champions fought a great fight on Moulsley Hurst; their names were Gully and Gregson, and they fought the most tremendous battle that had been known for many a long year, and, as must happen to one, Gregson had the worst of it. While lying on his bed blind—for both his eyes were closed—he asked for some drink. A friend gave him some, and he asked whose hand it was?—it was Jack Gully's, who was the first to shake him by the hand, to show that he had no animosity against him. So should be the conduct of all [illegible] and true-hearted Englishmen, who should fight a [illegible] fight to the utmost, and when it was over shake h[illegible] and hold no animosity. With these feelings I go [illegible] from Oxford."

* * *

"It matters not whether I [illegible] the House of Commons or not; but I trust that [illegible] future day, when a champion comes here better [illegible] myself, your cause will be brought to a succe[illegible]. I knew when I came into this town there w[illegible] the dangerous point which would most assuredly go against me with the great body of the electors; but I was not afraid to avow my principles. In March last some friends of mine in Edinburgh asked me to stand for the representation of that city. I then said that I desired to see the people amused after service on Sunday; but I knew I was speaking to people hostile to such opinions, and therefore I preferred to maintain rather than renounce them. I felt it to be my duty, as an honest man, to state them here, and that, I believe, has made the difference between the majority and the minority. I am contented to retire from Oxford with the conviction that I have suffered because I desired to help the poor man to some harmless recreation on his only day of freedom. I shall now retire to my desk and pen, and give up all thoughts of a business which I do not know so well as Mr. Cardwell."

A ROYAL HAIR-DRESSER.

Mr. Isodore, the Queen's *coiffeur*, who receives £2000 a year for dressing her Majesty's hair twice a [illegible] had gone to London in the morning, meaning to [illegible] to Windsor in time for toilet, but on arriving [illegible] station was just five minutes too late, and saw the [illegible] depart without him. His horror was great, as he knew his want of punctuality would deprive him of his place; so he was obliged to take a special train; and the establishment, feeling the importance of his business, put on extra steam, and whisked him the eighteen miles in eighteen minutes for £18.

A BISHOP MARRYING HIS COOK.

Although it was assumed in the House of Lords, the other night, that the most recent resignation of an episcopal see was to be attributed to the ill-health of its possessor, we believe it is currently reported that this was not, at all events, the exclusive cause of the step. The Right Rev. Bishop had, it is said, some short time back contracted a matrimonial connection very much below his own rank. The marriage was kept a secret, but, as the bishop was aware that it would not long remain so, and did not perhaps care to shelter himself under the heathen precedents adduced by Horace in support of his advice, "Ne sit ancillæ tibi amor pudore," he came to the resolution of resigning his bishopric at once without stipulating for any provision, in order that he might prevent the dignity of his order from being compromised by a step which most people would deem an imprudent one.

A PARALLEL TO THE BURDELL BABY.

At York, the other day, the case of a Mrs. Davis, the landlady of the Griffin Inn, Halifax, created a good deal of interest, as it was alleged that *Palmer's executioner* had been engaged by a previous tenant in June, 1856, to "attract" custom to the house. The action was brought against a person named Prest, on the ground of certain false representations which were alleged to have been made in order to induce the plaintiff to become the tenant of the inn.

The defendant's son-in-law stated that he had Palmer's executioner for a week to assist in waiting. He wore a white smock frock, and parties came from Rochdale and other places to see him. It was no part of their bargain that the hangman should bring a piece of the true rope, and none was ever exhibited by him. On leaving defendant's house the hangman went to a public-house at Bradford, he having a series of engagements in the provinces. Witness did not dine with the hangman, as he did not like sitting down with a man who wore a smock frock, but if he had been dressed as a gentleman, even though he had hung the Rugeley poisoner, he should not have objected to have sat down to dinner with him.

HOW A COURT WAS MADE TO PUFF A WIZARD.

At the Shoreditch County Court the other day, a person professing to be a plaintiff brought an action against Mr. Anderson, the "Wizard of the North," for having damaged a new hat lent to the conjuror to make a hot currant pudding in. The nominal plaintiff exhibited the damaged hat, which he then handed to Mr. Anderson, who covered it with a silk handkerchief, and restored it to the man in a perfect state. The trick having thus been successful, and the hat made new again, the plaintiff had nothing to complain of, and was of course nonsuited, and Mr. Anderson ingeniously puffed.

ESCAPE OF A MURDERESS BY MISTAKE.

A curious mistake occurred at the last York Assizes, in connection with the trial of Ann Edmondson, indicted for the wilful murder of her infant child at Calverley. The prisoner had engaged no counsel, but Mr. Price, at the request of the judge, defended her. On being called upon to plead, the prisoner, who was overwhelmed with grief, sobbed the word "Guilty." She was indistinctly heard and in a confused state, and her plea was taken as one of "Not Guilty." This was a most fortunate mistake for the prisoner, as, instead of being condemned on her own confession, she was placed on her trial, and the jury returned a verdict of *Not Guilty.* Of course she has received the full benefit of the error, and though a self-confessed murderess, has escaped the legal penalty of her crime.

SUICIDE FROM READING "LITTLE DORRIT."

At an English police court, the other day, Thomas Barrett, a respectable-looking man, a Manchester warehouseman, was brought from St. Thomas's Hospital, charged with attempting to commit suicide, by cutting his throat in a bath, in the Spa-road Public Baths. John Nicholl, the attendant on the male side of the above baths, said he knew the prisoner as having on two previous occasions had baths there, also that he was a respectable gentleman residing at Rotherhithe. On Wednesday afternoon, the 10th of June, about two o'clock, he entered and took his bath. A short time afterward, witness heard a gurgling sort of noise proceed from the bath-room where the prisoner was, when he went up to the door and asked what was the matter, and not receiving any answer, he entered, and saw the prisoner lying in the bath, and blood trickling down his neck. He asked him what he had been doing, when he feebly replied, "Oh, it's only a blood-vessel that has suddenly burst." Witness told him it was no such thing; when he called out, "Oh, I am a dead man—I have cut my throat!" Witness perceiving that such was the case, called in a surgeon immediately, who attended to him and saved his life. The latter gentleman asked him why he had attempted to commit suicide in such a way—was it through reading a book? The prisoner replied, "Yes, it was reading 'Little Dorrit' that induced him to use that mode of committing suicide." After the wound was strapped up, witness conveyed him to St. Thomas's Hospital.

EUROPEAN MUMMIES.

MM. Noualhier and Prevost, of Paris, have obtained a patent in England for the following singular mode of preserving corpses: They first stop all the apertures, such as the mouth, nostrils, etc., with modeler's wax, then place the corpse in a suitable attitude, and spread over the skin a layer of metallic salt, by preference pulverized nitrate of silver, which is very easily applied. This salt penetrates into the pores of the skin, and when a sufficient quantity of it has been applied to the body by means of a brush, the body is put into a vessel of sulphate of copper, and a galvanic current being established, the whole surface becomes covered with a deposit of copper, producing a metallic mummy.

THE GOODWOOD RACES.

The American horses Pryor and Prioress made their first appearance on the English turf in the race for the Goodwood Cup, on the 10th ultimo, and were beaten. Fourteen horses ran, and the Americans came in fifth and sixth on the list. The first favorite and two other horses fell off, so that the race can scarcely be regarded as a criterion.

FRANCE.

COURT MOVEMENTS.

The Emperor and Empress have arrived at St. Cloud, from whence, in a few days, they will take their departure for Havre, whither, it is understood, their Majesties will embark for their visit to Queen Victoria, at Osborne. The Prince Imperial, by special request, is to accompany them on the English visit, the Princess Royal having indited a letter to that effect to the Empress Eugènie. The young princess, who expects so soon to pass the Rubicon of matrimony with the Prince of Prussia, may naturally have a curiosity to witness the fruit of those hopes which, it will be recollected, were on their road to completion two years ago, when, with her royal mother, she visited the Court of the Tuileries. The last words of Queen Victoria on the morning she took leave of the Empress Eugènie, at the foot of the grand stair-case of the palace, were audible to the privileged few who stood uncovered in the presence, and were, "*Courage, courage, ma chère! soyez sûr le bon temps viendra!*" answered only by a fond embrace on the part of the Empress Eugènie and a shower of tears. The little Prince Imperial, with his Napoleon-like head, will now go and present himself to establish the verity of the royal prophetess.

VISIT OF AN AMERICAN TO THE EMPEROR.

A Paris correspondent writes: "A friend of mine went to Plombières last Wednesday to see his imperial Majesty, having known much of him during his sojourn in New York in the months of April, May and June in 1836, and had an interview of three hours with him, one of which was spent at the dinner-table, and the other two in a long walk, in which he had a most familiar conversation with him on many subjects; but I am not at liberty to enter into details. The Emperor gave no intimation of fear, though he spoke freely of the difficulties which environ him. He complained much of the injustice of the American press toward him; but I am not sure whether he named any paper in particular. My friend was greatly struck with the intense vigilance which reigns all around Plombières among the police; and when walking with the Emperor he remarked that they were never far from the guards who accompanied his imperial Majesty. It is certain that there is much anxiety in the public mind; and this uncertainty in the state of things greatly affects the grander enterprises of trade and commerce. Even the most sagacious do not know what may happen to-morrow.

"I am astonished to see how rapidly rumor, with its thousand tongues, can fill such a city as Paris with news. The press is nothing to it. Although not a paper said a word about the attempt made on the Emperor's life, I suppose every man and woman in Paris had heard of it within far less than twenty-four hours after the news had come to the city. The news arrived Saturday night. I heard it yesterday at church, about noon, and at three P. M. not only did the servants of our hotel know it, but a common laborer in the cemetery of Montmartre told me that he had heard it, and stated the case as fully as it had been stated to me three hours before by one of the best informed men in Paris. Who can tell what a day may bring forth here in this wonderful country? I should not be surprised if a revolution were to take place in less than six months; but it can not occur without the death of the Emperor. Upon the life of that one man depends, under God, the peace of all Southern Europe, if not of Europe entire."

FRENCH TRANSATLANTIC STEAMERS.

It has been officially decided that the New York line of transatlantic steamers is to be granted to Havre, with a subvention of three millions of francs; the Antilles line to Nantes, with six millions subvention; and the Brazil line to Bordeaux and Marseilles, with five millions subvention.

HOW THE PLOT AGAINST THE EMPEROR WAS DISCOVERED.

The trial of the Italians for conspiring to assassinate the Emperor will take place on the 6th or 8th of next month; certain formalities prescribed by the law when accused persons are tried by default have to be previously gone through. The Procureur-General will prosecute on behalf of the Crown. The grounds of the indictment are the following: In the early part of the month of June last it came to the knowledge of the police that several Italians were newly arrived in Paris, and had been in frequent communication with Mazzini and other members of the "Central European Committee." The police watched carefully the movements of these men. On the 10th of June three letters from Genoa were seized at the Post-office. They were ascertained to proceed from Mazzini. One was addressed to a person named Campanella, one of the contributors to Mazzini's paper *L'Italia del Popolo;* the second was addressed to Massarenti, and the third, which consisted only of a few lines, to Tibaldi. In the letter to Campanella, Mazzini, after giving instructions, apparently relating to the attempt made in Italy, added that it was above all necessary to give every attention to the affair "Pavia"—that this was the most urgent and the most important, and, in fact, every thing depended on it. He also announced that Massarenti had informed him that two men had presented themselves; that if these were good men and true they must get money in order to be able to spend a month at Paris, and that a banker should be applied to. Mazzini added that there were two other men at that moment also in Paris, but that it was necessary that each of these groups should act separately and independently, and have no communication with each other. The letter ended by a few words of recommendation to the Rue Neuve-Ménilmontant, where the proper material would be found. The party to whom that recommendation was addressed was, it appears, Tibaldi, who resided in the Rue Ménilmontant. He was immediately arrested, and his house searched by the police, who discovered five poniards, and twenty pistols loaded. The search for further proofs was continued and led to the discovery of a copious correspondence, which it appears, confirmed the indications contained in the letters seized on the 10th. In one letter addressed to the prisoner, the negligence of one of the accomplices is much complained of, and he is informed that the *vieux* is greatly dissatisfied with his conduct. In the course of his examination by the magistrate, Bartolotti is said to have made a complete avowal. He stated that he had two interviews with Mazzini in London, and also with a Frenchman, who, he says, was Ledru Rollin, and that it was in consequence of these interviews that he was sent to Paris with Grilli. His mission was, he declares, not to make an attempt on the life of the Emperor, but to remain constantly on the watch near the Tuileries, in order to ascertain when his Majesty went out. Grilli at first denied the facts, but afterward said that, as Bartolotti had confessed, he considered that he himself was released from his oath, and that he should tell all he knew. He avowed the object of his coming to Paris, and that the order he had received was to make the attempt on the Emperor's life. In order to prove the truth of what he said, he mentioned the spot where he had concealed two poniards which Tibaldi had given him, one for himself and one for Bartolotti. The arms were found in the places indicated.

LEDRU ROLLIN HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH IT.

M. Ledru Rollin has addressed a long letter to the *Juge d'Instruction* of Paris, who is charged with preparing the evidence in the case of the Italian conspirators, with the view of clearing himself of any connection with them. It is presumed that M. Rollin takes advantage of the opportunity to declare his horror of the crime of assassination for any cause and under any pretext, and that he will invite M. Mazzini to follow his example. The manner in which the English Press has spoken of the plot—for, whoever may prove to be the conspirators, plot there seems to be—and the probability of the conspirators in England being disagreeably interrupted, appear to have elicited the denials of participation which have as yet appeared.

Letters from Paris intimate that there is sufficient evidence to convict Ledru Rollin, and other parties charged by the *Moniteur*, with complicity in the conspiracy against the Emperor, and that consequently France will be in a position to demand their extradition from England as criminals.

DEATH OF THE INVENTOR OF THE SCREW.

Frederick Sauvage, who was the first who conceived the idea of applying the screw as an auxiliary of steam, died a few days ago, in a *maison de santé* of the *rue Picpus*, to which place he had been removed about two years ago, when his reason left him in consequence of chagrins of different kinds. His fortune and health had been ruined by his labors in scientific discoveries. His discovery of the system of screw navigation may be disputed, but no one can deny that the union of the two systems was his entire work. He long resided at Le Perrey, near Havre, and it was there that he made the first experiments of the screw. He had constructed a small boat which he navigated in a large tub which he sunk in his garden. The Emperor more than once gave him assistance in money, and when Sauvage's state of mind required that he should be placed in a *maison de santé*, it was his Majesty who took on himself the payment of the expense.

ITALY.

ANOTHER PRIESTLY SCANDAL.

Neapolitan love of novelty has had another subject of curiosity in the details of a murder committed by a priest. This victim of celibacy had an inamorata, who had borne him two children; it was found convenient to get rid of her, and she was married to some man; but the attentions of the priest were continued after marriage, and the husband was jealous. Aided, therefore, by the woman, the priest strangled him in bed. A carriage had been ordered, and the priest, with his victim in a box, was about to start at two o'clock in the morning for Nola, where it was intended to conceal the body. The expedition, however, attracted the curiosity of some gendarmes who were passing at that hour, and the body was discovered.

PORTUGAL.

A MAD WOLF.

A very singular affair occurred near Barreiro, on the other side of the Tagus, a short time ago. A countryman discovered, in the adjacent wood, the lair of a wolf, and watching his opportunity contrived to seize the six young ones he found there, during her absence. As is often the case, the wolf became mad owing to the loss of her young ones, and through the accumulation of her milk. She then ran wildly about the country, passed through several fields and farm-yards, and bit a great many oxen which she encountered in her way. Passing, however, through a field where some laborers were at work, one of them attacked her with a spade, but she avoided the blow and bit him in the leg; she was afterward surrounded and killed by the rest. The man has lately died of hydrophobia in the hospital of St. Ubes. About ten of the oxen which were bitten were destroyed by their owners. Besides these there are several others which have been killed. Guards were afterward set over the bodies to pacify the people, who feared that the flesh might be sold for food.

CUBA.

MONEY PANIC AT HAVANA.

The *Empire City* brought full details of the universal money panic which prevailed in Havana. The Spanish Bank of Havana suffered severely, but was promptly aided by the Captain-General, who lent the sum of two millions of dollars to its coffers. General Concha advised and empowered the Spanish Bank to issue $6,000,000 of deposit certificates in small and large sums to suit the general want, at interest for six, eight, and ten months, to be received at public offices as gold. The amount of absolute protection on night of 7th instant was $8,530,000. This operated like a charm, and public confidence was restored.

INDIA.

PROGRESS OF THE REVOLT.

The Bombay *Times* of July 1 says the rebellion is universal in the Bengal army, and even the 70th regiment of native infantry, which was publicly thanked by the Governor-general in person for its loyalty three weeks before, had been disarmed. Not a symptom of dissatisfaction has as yet appeared in the Madras army, which manifested perfect loyalty, and repelled indignantly every attempt made to seduce them from their allegiance by emissaries from the Bengal troops. A list is given of the fifty-six regiments, or portions of regiments, which have mutinied, while thirty have been disarmed, and one disbanded. In fact, the Bengal army has ceased to exist. The fall of Delhi will do more to quench rebellion than any thing else. There is some anxiety about the Nigains country, as the 1st regiment of cavalry had mutinied, and there were great atrocities committed at Hanzie and Hessar, but many Europeans escaped. No Europeans were killed at Arungbad. The Bhutpoor levies had mutinied, and the officers were obliged to fly, but none of them were injured. At Albahad twenty-six Europeans and their families had been killed, including eleven officers.

The defense of Calcutta had become a subject of great anxiety to the European government, which had yielded to the pressure, and consented to the enrollment of a corps of volunteer guards, who patrol the streets at night. In Calcutta and the neighborhood great excitement existed, owing to the discovery of a conspiracy for a general uprising on the part of the Mussulman population and seizure of the city by them. The inhabitants keep themselves armed, and the public buildings, hotels, and other principal places are garrisoned by sailors belonging to ships in the river. The French consul at Calcutta called together all the French inhabitants and captains of French vessels, and desired them to furnish and equip a force of armed men to watch over the safety of the European community. French families were being taken on board vessels.

THE MUTINY AT MEERUT.

A lady, an officer's wife, gives the following account of the mutiny at Meerut:

"17*th.* So far I wrote a few days ago, now I trust to be able to write more calmly of the awful scene through which we have passed. How you will shudder! We are safe as yet, and trusting to continue so until happier times come. To begin. As we went to church, when passing the mess of our regiment, servants were leaning over the walls of the compound, all looking toward the road from the native infantry lines. I saw something was wrong, and, on asking, several men called to us to go back, as there was a mutiny of the native infantry, and a fight in the bazar. Here was our first escape, for had we been further on our way we might never have been able to drive through the road. We saw crowds of armed men hurrying toward us. We drove home furiously. On the way we passed a private of the carabineers unarmed and running for his life from several men armed with latthies (a long stick). We stopped the carriage and drew in the poor Englishman. The men continued to strike at him as we took him in, but stopped when we held out our arms and screamed to them to desist, and we reached home safely. On telling my husband, he started off at once for his lines, in uniform, but without waiting for his horse, ordering it to be sent after him. When he reached the gate he found —— surrounded by three of the 3d Troopers, cutting at him with their swords. My husband shouted, 'What are you doing? That's my friend!' and they desisted.

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A WOMAN STABBED.

"On seeing that the jail was broken open, Henry determined to turn back and try to save the standards of the 3d from the lines. The roads were in uproar! They with difficulty charged through crowds of infantry-mutineers and bazar-men, armed and firing. Henry saw a trooper stabbing a woman as she drove by in a carriage. He cut him down with his sword, and as he reeled in his saddle Mr. —— ran him through, but the woman (Mrs. Courtney, wife of the hotel-keeper) was already dead. That showed Henry that a massacre of all Europeans was proposed. Soon a ball whizzed by Henry's ear, and looking back he saw one of the troopers, not in uniform, and with his head muffled, fire at him again. Henry shouted, 'Was that meant for me?' 'Yes,' said the man, 'I will have your blood!' Henry did not fire at him; he believed the men might mutiny from him were he to do so. He only asked his men if they would see him shot? They vociferated 'No!' and forced the assassin back again and again, but would not kill him. What an awful position! * * * * * * * Henry kept cheering his men and keeping them together by praise, etc. He reached the lines, but, passing our house on his way, he asked what men would come to defend me. The whole troop (at least, all with him) raised their hands. He said he only wanted four men. 'I, I, I,' cried every one; so he sent the first four.

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THE HOUSES FIRED.

"But, I! what a time had I passed through since he had gone to his troop, about two hours before! I had first hidden the uniform of the carabineer we had rescued, and dressed him in a coat of Henry's, bidding him sit with us. I fancied that he alone might be the object of possible attack, as the native troops have been incensed by a guard of carabineers having been over our skirmisher prisoners. Crowds began to hurry past our grounds, both on the road and in the open ground behind; many parties were our own lost cavalry. They were half in uniform, half without. Many shots were being fired, and the shouting was awful. I could ever and anon hear my husband's name blessed by the poor madmen. Bungalows began to blaze round us, nearer and nearer, till the frenzied mob reached that next to our own! We saw a poor lady in the veranda, a Mrs. Chambers (lately arrived). We bade the servants bring her over the low wall to us, but they were too confused to attend to me at first. The stables of that house were first burned. We heard the shrieks of the horses. Then came the mob to the house itself, with awful shouts and curses. We heard the doors broken in, and many, many shots, and at the moment my servants said they had been to bring away Mrs. Chambers, but had found her dead on the ground, cut horribly, and she on the eve of her confinement! Oh! night of horrors! Still I heard shouts of my husband's name, and assurances that our house should be spared, but crowds kept threatening. I almost believed we should escape, but watched in agony with Eliza from the upper veranda. I saw men bring a burning log across the next compound, and thought we should be the next to be murdered. A few of our Hindoo servants were with us—one Buctour, the klassie, running to and fro, driving the men out of the compound, and saying my husband 'was the people's friend, and that no one should burn his house.'

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THE ESCAPE.

"They tell me shots were fired at me, but I saw it not. Oh, agony! every house in sight was blazing—nine or ten I could see. At last a few horsemen rode into the compound. I saw the cavalry uniform. 'Come, come,' I shouted, 'and save me!' and poor Eliza joined. 'Fear nothing,' said the first man; 'no one shall injure you.' Oh! how I thanked them, and in a minute they were with us in the upper room, and I tried to take their hands in mine, but they laid themselves at my feet, touching them with their foreheads. They were unknown to me—these four—but the first who spoke, Madho, I can never forget. They implored me to keep inside, but, oh! how to do that when I was watching for my husband. Alfred joined us first, safe, and reporting Henry the same. And then our cavalry guard kept dashing through the compound, forcing back parties who rushed in to fire the house. The pistol-shots rang on every side, and now my husband arrived in speechless agony on our account, and made us leave the house, fearing it might be surrounded. Wrapped in the black stable-blankets, to hide our light dresses, in the glare of the flaming Station, he took us to hide under trees in the garden, but moved us afterward into a little temple that stands on our grounds. It is very thick walled, and having only one narrow door was a good place for shelter. We sat there whispering for some hours, listening to the noises, as crowds came near or fell away. Still no one attacked us, and more of the cavalry troops were continually joining us, vowing to live or die for us. A band of armed thieves now broke into the house, but two of them were shot and the others fled."

A TRIP TO THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

CRY OF "FIRE!" ON BOARD THE BOSTON BOAT.

THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN.

My name is Peter Plum. You will not find it in this year's Directory. When I withdrew from business I took it out, intending to go and live in Europe for a couple of years. Circumstances which are no business of yours have detained me here. Mayn't I do as I please?

When Mrs. P. said to me, "My dear, we would so like to go to the White Mountains this August," I knew how it would be. I knew that we should be horridly bored, and worried to death with all manner of inconveniences; that a month on Blackwell's Island, or a short term in the Penitentiary would be preferable in many respects; but as my old father used to say, "Peter, when your wife says, 'We would like,' that means, 'My boy, you must:'" so I answered, "Mrs. P., when will you leave?"

It was on a Wednesday evening that we were transported, among other convicts, in the Sound steamer —— (I suppose it would be libelous to mention the name of the steamer), bound for a Sound port which I need not mention, half-way between this and Boston. Though our fellow-sufferers were in very good spirits considering the pass to which they had come, I will admit that the police arrangements of the steamer were complete. We were not allowed to sit, stand, lie, or walk where we pleased. One of the officials seemed especially charged with the duty of bullying Mrs. P. and our party—consisting of Mrs. P., my daughter Alice, my son Harrison Van Buren, and my friend (and I believe I may add future son-in-law), Samuel Q. Short. The rascal dodged us from the time of starting to the time of arrival; sometimes rang a furious bell in my ear, either for tickets or tea; perpetually detected us in wrong places; was discovered by Mrs. P. holding up my son Harrison Van Buren by the seat of his trowsers, and attempted to excuse his brutality by protesting that he had fished him out of the engine-room; and only relented from his merciless persecution when we had all retired for a couple of hours' sleep.

Well, I slept, notwithstanding our sufferings. Harrison V. B. was in the upper berth, I in the lower. I was dreaming (you know the old adage) that the President and Treasurer of the new railroad from Hum to Bug (in which I am, *entre nous*, a large stockholder) had been smitten with remorse, and were paying back to the Company the sums it had "lent" them, when I was awoke by a sudden shriek—Fire! I am a large man—my cousin Abimeleck calls me "fleshy"—but I give you my word it did not take me fifteen seconds to spring out of my berth, dash on my pants, whip H. V. B. out of his shelf, and rush out. I had made my mind up what to do. I would tie Mrs. P. to a spar, with Alice at the other end to balance her; fasten H. V. B. to the middle, and tow them ashore myself, with the aid of Short. I would not allow another human being to cling to the spar. No; a man's first duty is to his own family.

All this, of course, was the work of a second (if I am remarkable for any thing it is for my presence of mind in danger). As soon as I had opened the state-room door, I beheld a scene which beggars description. Every body was afoot in their night-clothes. Every body was screaming and bawling. Some were running one way, some another; a ruffian with a long nose was dashing through the saloon like a cannon-ball, knocking every one down, to no purpose; my daughter Alice was in a dead faint in a corner, with Short vainly trying to rouse her by shouting in her ear; my beloved Betsey (Mrs. P.) I discerned in great distress, a rascally boy having butted her with his head, and being seemingly bent on forcing his way through her; every body seemed beside themselves with terror. Of course I rushed to the rescue of my wife; but having overlooked a stout lady who lay screaming on the floor, I tripped and fell; fortunately my fall came in contact with a soft substance, which I have reason to believe belonged to a young lady whom the man with the nose had knocked down; the next minute I was kicked and shaken by a brute with a mustache, who demanded what I meant by insulting his sister? My next vision was a wet man, with a tarpaulin hat, who swore frightfully, and asked me, with a ferocious expression, what I meant by frightening the passengers? Other men likewise gathered round me, and some proposed that I should be

GOING UP MOUNT WASHINGTON.

NOTCH OF THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

CONWAY—NO BEDS.

ridden on a rail. The wet man in the tarpaulin suggested that he had a mind to duck me over the side, to teach me to play tricks in future. But the sense of the public, as I gathered it, seemed in favor of the rail.

I began to think I might be asleep. But there was no mistaking Betsey's voice, as she squeezed herself into the crowd and rescued me, whispering in my ear,

"Good gracious! Peter, how could you be so foolish?"

"What have I done, Betsey?" said I, in a meek voice.

"Done? Why, why on earth did you give that false alarm of fire?"

I have since learned that the first the other passengers heard of the accident was a shout of "fire!" which they say came from me; and Betsey says I must have been dreaming. I only mention the circumstance to show what travelers must expect.

Of course you don't want me to describe the agony of the trip from our landing-place to Boston and Portland. I can only account for the elaborate discomfort of the journey on the supposition that the New Englanders desire to discourage travel in their direction. Our party were separated in the cars. I shared a seat with a stout young woman, who I suspect was a wet-nurse by trade; she rather startled me by telling me to "lean on her," if I wanted: as I hastily disavowed any intention of such a proceeding, she said "it was all one, she would lean on me;" and so she did, as I'm a sinner! the whole livelong night. She left a hair-pin in my vest, which led to the first quarrel I have ever had with my Betsey.

By hook and crook we made our way from Boston to Portland, from Portland to Franconia. We put up at a hotel there, and I expected a respite from our miseries. I ordered a private dinner of lamb-chops, with some claret I had brought with me, and started out with our party to see a hideous rock, which they call the Old Man of the

THE CRYSTAL FALLS.

THE BOSTON M.D. MAKING HER PUPILS EXERCISE THE FLEXOR.

PLEASANT WELCOME HOME TO NEW YORK.

Mountain—and which, between you and me, is like any thing you wish to fancy. It was hard work getting to the right place to see the Old Man; and our guide enlivened the journey by telling us that here a party of travelers had been eaten by bears, there a hunter had fallen over the rocks, and there a pair of horses had been crushed by a landslide; but at last we got there, and sat down, without bears or landslides. Well, I was comfortable once more, when that silly girl Alice must needs drag us to a narrow ledge to watch some absurd artist who was sketching the Old Man. The artist (I must do him the justice to say he was a mild-spoken person) observed that the rock was not strong enough to bear so many; but Betsey would have me see the rock in the best light, and so I went, and we all went, and, as might have been expected, while we were gazing with open mouths, the ledge gave way, and down we all went into a pool beneath. We escaped with nothing worse than a ducking; but Harrison Van Buren came down on his mother's nose, and somewhat injured that feature.

Returning to the hotel, we found our lamb-chops in a state of cinder, and the claret uncorked—to save time, the waiter said. I bore all, however, feeling that it was in the order of things, and fulfilled my destiny by pursuing our journey to the Crawford House.

Thence we went to see the top of Mount Washington; it being one of the popular fallacies of the age that it is agreeable to climb great heights and look down on fields and villages. We rode part of the way and walked the rest. My beast was a good one; but the animal Mrs. P. rode had a fashion of stopping every five minutes, and refusing to go on until a certain boy twisted his tail. My feelings were a little hurt at first by the familiar manner in which our guide shouted, on these occasions:

"Jim! you're wanted to give this 'ere old lady's tail another twist."

But, on reflection, I felt that it was all quite in the order of things. We got to the top of the mountain, and then, like a certain King of France, we got down again. Alice and Short pretend to have been greatly delighted by what they saw from the summit; I heard her repeating some poetry about mighty mountains and rills meandering through the plain; and Short considers it a very fine idea to have christened those mountains after the old Presidents and General Lafayette. I have seen a letter from my daughter to a schoolmate of hers, in which she says: "Dearest Emmy, we breakfasted on the brow of Washington, and lunched off the base of Lafayette." For my part I think that ridiculous. As my wife observed, suppose after my death a grateful people should christen a big hill the Peter Plum Mountain, how would my posterity like to hear that a parcel of vagabonds had made picnics on my peak, or rolled from my top to my bottom? We should stick to the Indian names. That of the White Mountains, Alice says, was Waumbekketmetna, which is a rather tough word to pronounce; but if you say Warm, and then stutter for half a minute, you will come near enough for all practical purposes.

The next stage of our penalty was a ride through the Notch.

I am a cheerful man naturally, but I do think that that ride, at the pace we went, to a man with rheumatism in the small of his back, was a foretaste of what sinners may expect. I bore it with fortitude at first; then I appealed meekly to the driver to have mercy on the large stones, and drive over 'em gently. I gave him a cigar. I offered him money. He took it; but the ruffian drove faster than ever. I groaned aloud. An old lady in the inside, witnessing my sufferings, beckoned to me, and handed me a small bottle. It contained cholera-drops. I thanked her, and observed that my complaint was not where she supposed. She was an M.D., I found afterward, of Boston.

As we descended the hill the wretch of a driver put his horses to a gallop. I saw my son hanging on to a trunk, with his legs flying out behind. In the jolting Short came down on a bottle of old cognac, vintage of 1840, and cut his coat-tails severely. I again—in the extremity of my suffering—besought the driver to reflect what might be our fate if the coach overturned, and fell down the hill-side.

"'Tain't more nor forty feet or so," said the hardened villain, and whipped his horses.

I was not conscious that I had a spine when we arrived at Conway, and I resolved to go to bed directly, and sleep for—say eighteen hours. I went to the clerk and asked for rooms. He didn't answer me at first. I repeated my request.

"All right, Sir; right away," said he, without looking up. "John, show this party to 48."

48 was the baggage-room, I suspect. It was full of trunks, and nothing else.

I returned to the charge.

"Well, neow," said the clerk, "I guess you're in considerable of a hurry, ain't you?"

I confessed that the sooner I got to bed the better I should like it.

"Jest so," said he, combing his beard with a pocket-comb. "It's a hard ride through the Notch."

"Very hard," said I; "and therefore if you will be so good as let me have bedrooms—"

"You wouldn't mind makin' up a party, would you? Because there's six gentlemen goin' to sleep on the table in the dining-room, and I guess there'll be room left for your folk beside."

I fancied myself asking my Betsey to sleep with six strangers on a table.

"Sir," said I, "can you or can you not give us beds?"

"Well, neow," replied Clerk, with a sweet smile, "I'd do any thing a'most to oblige you, but we haven't a spare bed, mattress, or even pillow in the house. Can't you fix up something with carpet-bags? I'll lend you some."

Oh that night! We slept on the luggage, with carpet-bags for pillows. I dreamed I was a Siamese, and having died, was being put through the series of purgatories which that ingenious nation has invented for the *post-mortem* punishment of sinners. I fancied I was at that stage of the process when your back is broken fifteen thousand times in succession, and the bone resoldered each time, with the help of a red-hot iron.

I calculated to get a bed—on the "Box and Cox" principle—next morning, when the legitimate occupants of the rooms got up; and Clerk, who was really a good fellow, offered to do what he could for me. But Betsey and Alice, at first blush of day, broke in with—

"Dear papa, we would like to see the Crystal Falls!"

I have told you what "we would like" means in our family. I resigned myself, and went.

On the way I fell in with a fellow-sufferer—Plympton, of South Street—whom his family was victimizing in the usual way. He is a man after my own heart; no nonsense about him; thinks mountains a bore, and watering-places a nuisance; so we got on very well together.

Short and the ladies went on before; Plympton and I followed leisurely. Heavens! to think of the insanity, the rabid, staring, March madness which infects the present generation on the subject of amusements! There we saw, Sir, a party of young ladies under the command of the female M.D. from Boston, climbing rocks which a monkey could hardly have scaled, and stepping from stone to stone like modern editions of the Colossus of Rhodes. The M.D. is great on physical development, and exacts exercises of this kind from her pupils. For my part I was shocked; and still more so when, at a later period of the day, I came upon the same party paddling barefoot in a pool. Plympton, who, I fear, is not as strict a moralist as the South Street men are generally, made some impertinent remarks about the pretty ankles which were unblushingly exposed; he actually complimented the dried-up specimen of humanity who commanded the expedition, and drew from her the severe remark,

"Sir, the law of hygiene is as binding as the laws which are made by the Legislature; be so good as let us obey it in solitude." And turning to the juvenile members of her party: "Ladies, be so kind as to exercise the flexor muscles a little more freely."

We did not wait for more. We returned to the hotel tired and hungry; and to my private delight we discovered, on our return, that the seven trunks containing my daughter's new dresses had, by a providential blunder, been sent back to Boston instead of being forwarded after us.

Need I say that Miss Alice and her mamma said they would "so like" to return home directly? Need I add that I made it a duty to gratify them directly, and that I even forgave the rough usage I underwent at the hands of our hack-drivers on the wharf on arriving, in consideration of the delight of being at home again?

No, Sir; the White Mountains are very well, no doubt, for young lovers and romantic fools (my daughter and Short protest they enjoyed themselves prodigiously, and never visited so delightful a place); but when next you hear of Peter Plum making an ass of himself by journeying to that or any other fashionable place of summer resort—when you hear of him leaving his comfortable house in the Avenue to follow the multitude into such follies, and making himself miserable under the name of enjoyment—when you hear of this, Sir, again, why just call on him, and demand his check for —— thousand dollars. It will be paid.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

CHAPTER VI.

Showing how sinful it is in a man who does not care for his honor to beget children.

When Lionel saw Mr. Fairthorn devoting his intellectual being to the contents of a cold chicken-pie, he silently stepped out of the room, and slunk away into a thick copse at the farthest end of the paddock. He longed to be alone. The rain descended, not heavily, but in penetrating drizzle: he did not feel it, or rather, he felt glad that there was no gaudy, mocking sunlight. He sate down forlorn in the hollows of a glen which the copse covered, and buried his face in his clasped hands.

Lionel Haughton, as the reader may have noticed, was no premature man—a manly boy, but still a habitant of the twilight, dreamy shadow-land of boyhood. Noble elements were stirring fitfully within him, but their agencies were crude and undeveloped. Sometimes, through the native acuteness of his intellect, he apprehended truths quickly and truly as a man; then, again, through the warm haze of undisciplined tenderness, or the raw mists of that sensitive pride in which objects, small in themselves, loom large with undetected outlines, he fell back into the passionate dimness of a child's reasoning. He was intensely ambitious; Quixotic in the point of honor; dauntless in peril; but morbidly trembling at the very shadow of disgrace, as a foal, destined to be the war-horse and trample down leveled steel, starts in its tranquil pastures at the rustling of a leaf. Glowingly romantic, but not inclined to vent romance in literary creations, his feelings were the more high-wrought and enthusiastic because they had no outlet in poetic channels. Most boys of great ability and strong passion write verses—it is nature's relief to brain and heart at the critical turning-age. Most boys thus gifted do so; a few do not, and out of those few Fate selects the great men of action—those large, luminous characters that stamp poetry on the world's prosaic surface. Lionel had in him the pith and substance of Fortune's grand nobodies, who become Fame's abrupt somebodies when the chances of life throw suddenly in their way a noble something, to be ardently coveted and boldly won. But, I repeat, as yet he was a boy—so he sate there, his hands before his face, an unreasoning self-torturer. He knew now why this haughty Darrell had written with so little tenderness and respect to his beloved mother. Darrell looked on her as the cause of his ignoble kinsman's "sale of name;" nay, most probably ascribed to her, not the fond, girlish love which levels all disparities of rank, but the vulgar, cold-blooded design to exchange her father's bank-notes for a marriage beyond her station. And he was the debtor to this supercilious creditor, as his father had been before him! His father!—till then he had been so proud of that relationship. Mrs. Haughton had not been happy with her captain; his confirmed habits of wild dissipation had embittered her union, and at last worn away her wifely affections. But she had tended and nursed him, in his last illness, as the lover of her youth; and though occasionally she hinted at his faults, she ever spoke of him as the ornament of all society; poor, it is true, harassed by unfeeling creditors, but the finest of fine gentlemen. Lionel had never heard from her of the ancestral estates sold for a gambling debt; never from her of the county jail nor the mercenary *mesalliance*. In boyhood, before we have any cause to be proud of ourselves, we are so proud of our fathers, if we have a decent excuse for it. Of his father could Lionel Haughton be proud now? And Darrell was cognizant of his paternal disgrace, had taunted his father in yonder old hall—for what?—the marriage from which Lionel sprung? The hands grew tighter and tighter before that burning face. He did not weep, as he had done in Vance's presence at a thought much less galling. Not that tears would have misbecome him. Shallow judges of human nature are they who think that tears in themselves ever misbecome boy or even man. Well did the sternest of Roman writers place the arch distinction of humanity, aloft from all meaner of heaven's creatures, in the prerogative of tears! Sooner mayest thou trust thy purse to a professional pickpocket than give loyal friendship to the man who boasts of eyes to which the heart never mounts in dew! Only, when man weeps he should be alone—not because tears are weak, but because they should be sacred. Tears are akin to prayers. Pharisees parade prayer; impostors parade tears. O Pegasus, Pegasus—softly, softly!—thou hast hurried me off amidst the clouds: drop me gently down—there, by the side of the motionless boy in the shadowy glen.

CHAPTER VII.

Lionel Haughton, having hitherto much improved his chance of fortune, decides the question, "What will he do with it?"

"I have been seeking you every where," said a well-known voice; and a hand rested lightly on Lionel's shoulder. The boy looked up, startled, but yet heavily, and saw Guy Darrell, the last man on earth he could have desired to see. "Will you come in for a few minutes? you are wanted."

"What for? I would rather stay here. Who can want me?"

Darrell, struck by the words, and the sullen tone in which they were uttered, surveyed Lionel's face for an instant, and replied in a voice involuntarily more kind than usual—

"Some one very commonplace, but, since the Picts went out of fashion, very necessary to mortals the most sublime. I ought to apologize for his coming. You threatened to leave me yesterday because of a defect in your wardrobe. Mr. Fairthorn wrote to my tailor to hasten hither and repair it. He is here. I commend him to your custom! Don't despise him because he makes for a man of my remote generation. Tailors are keen observers, and do not grow out of date so quickly as politicians."

The words were said with a playful good-humor very uncommon to Mr. Darrell. The intention was obviously kind and kinsmanlike. Lionel sprang to his feet; his lip curled, his eye flashed, and his crest rose.

"No, Sir; I will not stoop to this! I will not be clothed by your charity—yours! I will not submit to an implied taunt upon my poor mother's ignorance of the manners of a rank to which she was not born! You said we might not like each other, and if so, we should part forever. I do not like you, and I will go!"

He turned abruptly, and walked to the house—magnanimous. If Mr. Darrell had not been the most singular of men he might well have been offended. As it was, though none less accessible to surprise, he was surprised. But offended? Judge for yourself. "I declare," muttered Guy Darrell, gazing on the boy's receding figure—"I declare that I almost feel as if I could once again be capable of an emotion! I hope I am not going to like that boy! The old Darrell blood in his veins, surely. I might have spoken as he did at his age, but I must have had some better reason for it. What did I say to justify such an explosion! *Quid feci?—ubi lapsus?* Gone, no doubt, to pack up his knapsack, and take the Road to Ruin! Shall I let him go? Better for me, if I am really in danger of liking him; and so be at his mercy to sting—what? my heart? I defy him; it is dead. No; he shall not go thus. I am the head of our joint houses. Houses! I wish he *had* a house, poor boy! And his grandfather loved me. Let him go! I will beg his pardon first; and he may dine in his drawers if that will settle the matter!"

Thus, no less magnanimous than Lionel, did this misanthropical man follow his ungracious cousin. "Ha!" cried Darrell, suddenly, as, approaching the threshold, he saw Mr. Fairthorn at the dining-room window occupied in nibbling a pen upon an ivory thumb-stall—"I have hit it! That abominable Fairthorn has been shedding his prickles! How could I trust flesh and blood to such a bramble? I'll know what it was, this instant!" Vain Menace! No sooner did Mr. Fairthorn catch glimpse of Darrell's countenance within ten yards of the porch than, his conscience taking alarm, he rushed incontinent from the window—the apartment—and ere Darrell could fling open the door, was lost in some lair—"*nullis penetrabilis astris*"—in that sponge-like and cavernous abode, wherewith benignant Providence had suited the locality to the creature.

CHAPTER VIII.

New imbroglio in that ever-recurring, never-to-be-settled question, "What will he do with it?"

With a disappointed glare, and a baffled shrug of the shoulder, Mr. Darrell turned from the dining-room, and passed up the stairs to Lionel's chamber, opened the door quickly, and extending his hand, said, in that tone which had disarmed the wrath of ambitious factions, and even (if fame lie not) once seduced from the hostile Treasury-bench a placeman's vote, "I must have hurt your feelings, and I come to beg your pardon!"

But before this time Lionel's proud heart, in which ungrateful anger could not long find room, had smitten him for so ill a return to well-meant and not indelicate kindness. And, his wounded egotism appeased by its very outburst, he had called to mind Fairthorn's allusions to Darrell's secret griefs—griefs that must have been indeed stormy so to have revulsed the currents of a life. And, despite those griefs, the great man had spoken playfully to him—playfully in order to make light of obligations. So when Guy Darrell now extended that hand, and stooped to that apology, Lionel was fairly overcome. Tears, before refused, now found irresistible way. The hand he could not take, but, yielding to his yearning impulse, he threw his arms fairly round his host's neck, leaned his young cheek upon that granite breast, and sobbed out incoherent words of passionate repentance—honest, venerating affection. Darrell's face changed, looking for a moment wondrous soft—and then, as by an effort of supreme self-control, it became severely placid. He did not return that embrace, but certainly he in no way repelled it; nor did he trust himself to speak till the boy had exhausted the force of his first feelings, and had turned to dry his tears.

Then he said, with a soothing sweetness: "Lionel Haughton, you have the heart of a gentleman that can never listen to a frank apology for unintentional wrong, but what it springs forth to take the blame to itself, and return apology ten-fold. Enough! A mistake, no doubt, on both sides. More time must elapse before either can truly say that he does not like the other. Meanwhile," added Darrell, with almost a laugh—and that concluding query showed that even on trifles the man was bent upon either forcing or stealing his own will upon others—"meanwhile, must I send away the tailor?"

I need not repeat Lionel's answer.

CHAPTER IX.

Darrell: mystery in his past life. What has he done with it?

Some days passed—each day varying little from the other. It was the habit of Darrell, if he went late to rest, to rise early. He never allowed himself more than five hours' sleep. A man greater than Guy Darrell—Sir Walter Raleigh—carved from the solid day no larger a slice for Morpheus. And it was this habit, perhaps, yet more than temperance in diet, which preserved to Darrell his remarkable youthfulness of aspect and frame, so that at fifty-two he looked, and really was, younger than many a strong man of thirty-five. For, certain it is, that on entering middle life, he who would keep his brain clear, his step elastic, his muscles from fleshiness, his nerves from tremor—in a word, retain his youth in spite of the register—should beware of long slumbers. Nothing ages like laziness. The hours before breakfast Darrell devoted first to exercise, whatever the weather—next to his calm scientific pursuits. At ten o'clock punctually he rode out alone, and seldom returned till late in the afternoon. Then he would stroll forth with Lionel into devious woodlands, or lounge with him along the margin of the lake, or lie down on the tedded grass, call the boy's attention to the insect populace which sports out its happy life in the summer months, and treat of the ways and habits of each varying species, with a quaint learning, half humorous, half grave. He was a minute observer and an accomplished naturalist. His range of knowledge was, indeed, amazingly large for a man who has had to pass his best years in a dry and absorbing study: necessarily not so profound in each section as that of a special professor, but if the science was often on the surface, the thoughts he deduced from what he knew were as often original and deep. A maxim of his, which he dropped out one day to Lionel in his careless manner, but pointed diction, may perhaps illustrate his own practice and its results: "Never think it enough to have solved the problem started by another mind, till you have deduced from it a corollary of your own."

After dinner, which was not over till past eight o'clock, they always adjourned to the library, Fairthorn vanishing into a recess, Darrell and Lionel each with his several book, then an air on the flute, and each to his own room before eleven. No life could be more methodical; yet to Lionel it had an animating charm, for his interest in his host daily increased, and varied his thoughts with perpetual occupation. Darrell, on the contrary, while more kind and cordial, more cautiously on his guard not to wound his young guest's susceptibilities than he had been before the quarrel and its reconciliation, did not seem to feel for Lionel the active

interest which Lionel felt for him. He did not, as most clever men are apt to do in their intercourse with youth, attempt to draw him out, plomb his intellect, or guide his tastes. If he was at times instructive, it was because talk fell on subjects on which it pleased himself to touch, and in which he could not speak without involuntarily instructing. Nor did he ever allure the boy to talk of his school-days, of his friends, of his predilections, his hopes, his future. In short, had you observed them together, you would have never supposed they were connections—that one could and ought to influence and direct the career of the other. You would have said the host certainly liked the guest, as any man would like a promising, warm-hearted, high-spirited, graceful boy, under his own roof for a short time, but who felt that that boy was nothing to him—would soon pass from his eye—form friends, pursuits, aims—with which he could be in no way commingled, for which he should be wholly irresponsible. There was also this peculiarity in Darrell's conversation: if he never spoke of his guest's past and future, neither did he ever do more than advert in the most general terms to his own. Of that grand stage, on which he had been so brilliant an actor, he imparted no reminiscences; of those great men, the leaders of his age, with whom he had mingled familiarly, he told no anecdotes. Equally silent was he as to the earlier steps in his career, the modes by which he had studied, the accidents of which he had seized advantage—silent there as upon the causes he had gained, or the debates he had adorned. Never could you have supposed that this man, still in the prime of public life, had been the theme of journals, and the boast of party. Neither did he ever, as men who talk easily at their own hearths are prone to do, speak of projects in the future, even though the projects be no vaster than the planting of a tree or the alteration of a parterre—projects with which rural life so copiously and so innocently teems. The past seemed as if it had left to him no memory, the future as if it stored for him no desire. But did the past leave no memory? Why then at intervals would the book slide from his eye, the head sink upon the breast, and a shade of unutterable dejection darken over the grand beauty of that strong stern countenance? Still that dejection was not morbidly fed and encouraged, for he would fling it from him with a quick impatient gesture of the head, resume the book resolutely, or change it for another which induced fresh trains of thought, or look over Lionel's shoulder, and make some subtle comment on his choice, or call on Fairthorn for the flute; and in a few minutes the face was severely serene again. And be it here said, that it is only in the poetry of young gentlemen, or the prose of lady novelists, that a man in good health, and of sound intellect, wears the livery of unvarying gloom. However great his causes of sorrow, he does not forever parade its ostentatious mourning, nor follow the hearse of his hopes with the long face of an undertaker. He will still have his gleams of cheerfulness—his moments of good-humor. The old smile will sometimes light the eye, and awake the old playfulness of the lip. But what a great and critical sorrow does leave behind is often far worse than the sorrow itself has been. It is a change in the inner man, which strands him, as Guy Darrell seemed stranded, upon the shoal of the Present; which the more he strive manfully to bear his burthen, warns him the more from dwelling on the Past; and the more impressively it enforce the lesson of the vanity of human wishes, strikes the more from his reckoning illusive hopes in the Future. Thus out of our threefold existence two parts are annihilated—the what has been—the what shall be. We fold our arms, stand upon the petty and steep cragstone, which alone looms out of the Measureless Sea, and say to ourselves, looking neither backward nor beyond, "Let us bear what is;" and so for the moment the eye can lighten and the lip can smile.

Lionel could no longer glean from Mr. Fairthorn any stray hints upon the family records. That gentleman had evidently been reprimanded for indiscretion, or warned against its repetition, and he became reserved and mum as if he had just emerged from the cave of Trophonius. Indeed he shunned trusting himself again alone to Lionel, and, affecting a long arrear of correspondence on behalf of his employer, left the lad during the forenoons to solitary angling, or social intercourse with the swans and the tame doe. But from some mystic concealment within doors would often float far into the open air the melodies of that magic flute; and the boy would glide back, along the dark-red mournful walls of the old house, or the futile pomp of pilastered arcades in the uncompleted new one, to listen to the sound: listening, *he*, blissful boy, forgot the present; *he* seized the unchallenged royalty of his years. For him no rebels in the past conspired with poison to the wine-cup, murder to the sleep. No deserts in the future, arresting the march of ambition, said, "Here are sands for a pilgrim, not fields for a conqueror."

CHAPTER X.

In which chapter the History quietly moves on to the next.

THUS nearly a week had gone, and Lionel began to feel perplexed as to the duration of his visit. Should he be the first to suggest departure? Mr. Darrell rescued him from that embarrassment. On the seventh day, Lionel met him in a lane near the house, returning from his habitual ride. The boy walked home by the side of the horseman, patting the steed, admiring its shape, and praising the beauty of another saddle-horse, smaller and slighter, which he had seen in the paddock exercised by a groom.

"Do you ever ride that chestnut? I think it even handsomer than this."

"Half our preferences are due to the vanity they flatter. Few can ride this horse—any one, perhaps, that."

"There speaks the Dare-all!" said Lionel, laughing.

The host did not look displeased.

"Where no difficulty, there no pleasure," said he, in his curt laconic diction. "I was in Spain two years ago. I had not an English horse there, so I bought that Andalusian jennet. What has served him at need, no *preux chevalier* would leave to the chance of ill-usage. So the jennet came with me to England. You have not been much accustomed to ride, I suppose?"

"Not much; but my dear mother thought I ought to learn. She pinched for a whole year to have me taught at a riding-school during one school vacation."

"Your mother's relations are, I believe, well off. Do they suffer her to pinch?"

"I do not know that she has relations living; she never speaks of them."

"Indeed!" This was the first question on home matters that Darrell had ever directly addressed to Lionel. He there dropped the subject, and said, after a short pause, "I was not aware that you are a horseman, or I would have asked you to accompany me; will you do so to-morrow, and mount the jennet?"

"Oh, thank you; I should like it so much."

Darrell turned abruptly away from the bright grateful eyes. "I am only sorry," he added, looking aside, "that our excursions can be but few. On Friday next I shall submit to you a proposition; if you accept it, we shall part on Saturday—liking each other, I hope; speaking for myself, the experiment has not failed; and on yours?"

"On mine! oh, Mr. Darrell, if I dared but tell you what recollections of yourself the experiment will bequeath to me!"

"Do not tell me, if they imply a compliment," answered Darrell, with the low silvery laugh which so melodiously expressed indifference, and repelled affection. He entered the stable-yard, dismounted; and on returning to Lionel, the sound of the flute stole forth, as if from the eaves of the gabled roof. "Could the pipe of Horace's Faunus be sweeter than that flute?" said Darrell,

"'*Utcunque dulci, Tyndare, fistula,*
Valles,' etc.

What a lovely ode that is! What knowledge of town life! what susceptibility to the rural! Of all the Latins, Horace is the only one with whom I could wish to have spent a week. But no! I could not have discussed the brief span of human life with locks steeped in Malobathran balm, and wreathed with that silly myrtle. Horace and I would have quarreled over the first heady bowl of Massic. We never can quarrel now! Blessed subject and poet-laureate of Queen Proserpine, and, I dare swear, the most gentleman-like poet she ever received at court, henceforth his task is to uncoil the asps from the brows of Alecto, and arrest the ambitious Orion from the chase after visionary lions."

CHAPTER XI.

Showing that if a good face is a letter of recommendation, a good heart is a letter of credit.

THE next day they rode forth, host and guest, and that ride proved an eventful crisis in the fortune of Lionel Haughton. Hitherto I have elaborately dwelt on the fact that, whatever the regard Darrell might feel for him, it was a regard apart from that interest which accepts a responsibility, and links to itself a fate. And even if, at moments, the powerful and wealthy man had felt that interest, he had thrust it from him. That he meant to be generous was indeed certain, and this he had typically shown in a very trite matter-of-fact way. The tailor, whose visit had led to such perturbation, had received instructions beyond the mere supply of the raiment for which he had been summoned; and a large patent portmanteau, containing all that might constitute the liberal outfit of a young man in the rank of a gentleman, had arrived at Fawley, and amazed and moved Lionel, whom Darrell had by this time thoroughly reconciled to the acceptance of benefits. The gift denoted this, "In recognizing you as kinsman, I shall henceforth provide for you as gentleman." Darrell indeed meditated applying for an appointment in one of the public offices, the settlement of a liberal allowance, and a parting shake of the hand, which should imply, "I have now behaved as becomes me; the rest belongs to you. We may never meet again. There is no reason why this good-by may not be forever."

But in the course of that ride Darrell's intentions changed. Wherefore? You will never guess! Nothing so remote as the distance between cause and effect, and the cause for the effect here was—poor little Sophy.

The day was fresh, with a lovely breeze, as the two riders rode briskly over the turf of rolling common-lands, with the feathery boughs of neighboring woodlands tossed joyously to and fro by the sportive summer wind. The exhilarating exercise and air raised Lionel's spirits, and released his tongue from all trammels; and when a boy is in high spirits, ten to one but he grows a frank egotist, feels the teeming life of his individuality, and talks about himself. Quite unconsciously Lionel rattled out gay anecdotes of his school days; his quarrel with a demoniacal usher; how he ran away; what befell him; how the doctor went after, and brought him back; how splendidly the doctor behaved—neither flogged nor expelled him, but after patient listening, while he rebuked the pupil dismissed the usher, to the joy of the whole academy; how he fought the head boy in the school for calling the doctor a sneak; how, licked twice, he yet fought that head boy a third time, and licked him; how, when head boy himself, he had roused the whole school into a civil war, dividing the boys into Cavaliers and Roundheads; how clay was rolled out into cannon-balls and pistol-shot, sticks shaped into swords; the play-ground disturfed to construct fortifications; how a slovenly stout boy enacted Cromwell; how he himself was elevated into Prince Rupert; and how, reversing all history, and infamously degrading Cromwell, Rupert would not consent to be beaten; and Cromwell at the last, disabled by an untoward blow across the knuckles, ignominiously yielded himself prisoner, was tried by a court-martial, and sentenced to be shot! To all this rubbish did Darrell incline his patient ear—not encouraging, not interrupting, but sometimes stifling a sigh at the sound of Lionel's merry laugh, or the sight of his fair face, with heightened glow on its cheeks, and his long silky hair, worthy the name of love-locks, blown by the wind from the open loyal features, which might well have graced the portrait of some youthful Cavalier. On bounded the Spanish jennet, on rattled the boy rider. He had left school now, in his headlong talk; he was describing his first friendship with Frank Vance, as a lodger at his mother's; how example fired him, and he took to sketch-work and painting; how kindly Vance gave him lessons; how at one time he wished to be a painter; how much the mere idea of such a thing vexed his mother, and how little she was moved when he told her that Titian was of a very ancient family, and that Francis I., archetype of gentlemen, visited Leonardo da Vinci's sick-bed; and that Henry VIII. had said to a pert lord who had snubbed Holbein, "I can make a lord any day, but I can not make a Holbein;" how Mrs. Haughton still confounded all painters in the general image of the painter and plumber who had cheated her so shamefully in the renewed window-sashes and redecorated walls, which Time and the four children of an Irish family had made necessary to the letting of the first floor. And these playful allusions to the maternal ideas were still not irreverent, but contrived so as rather to prepossess Darrell in Mrs. Haughton's favor, by bringing out traits of a simple natural mother, too proud, perhaps, of her only son, not caring what she did, how she worked, so that he might not lose caste as a born Haughton. Darrell understood, and nodded his head approvingly. "Certainly," he said, speaking almost for the first time, "fame confers a rank above that of gentlemen and of kings; and as soon as she issues her patent of nobility, it matters not a straw whether the recipient be the son of a Bourbon or of a tallow-chandler. But if Fame withhold her patent—if a well-born man paint aldermen, and be not famous (and I dare say you would have been neither a Titian nor a Holbein), why, he might as well be a painter and plumber, and has a better chance, even of bread and cheese, by standing to his post as gentleman. Mrs. Haughton was right, and I respect her."

"Quite right. If I lived to the age of Methuselah, I could not paint a head like Frank Vance."

"And even he is not famous yet. Never heard of him."

"He will be famous—I am sure of it; and if you lived in London, you would hear of him even now. Oh, Sir! such a portrait as he painted the other day! But I must tell you all about it." And therewith Lionel plunged at once, *medias res*, into the brief broken epic of little Sophy, and the eccentric infirm Belisarius for whose sake she first toiled and then begged; with what artless eloquence he brought out the colors of the whole story—now its humor, now its pathos; with what beautifying sympathy he adorned the image of the little vagrant girl, with her mien of gentlewoman and her simplicity of child; the river-excursion to Hampton Court; her still delight; how annoyed he felt when Vance seemed ashamed of her before those fine people; the orchard scene in which he had read Darrell's letter, that, for the time, drove her from the foremost place in his thoughts; the return home, the parting, her wistful look back, the visit to the Cobbler's next day—even her farewell gift, the nursery poem, with the lines written on the fly-leaf, he had them by heart! Darrell, the grand advocate, felt he could not have produced on a jury, with those elements, the effect which that boy-narrator produced on his granite self.

"And, oh, Sir!" cried Lionel, checking his horse, and even arresting Darrell's with bold right hand, "oh!" said he, as he brought his moist and pleading eyes in full battery upon the shaken fort to which he had mined his way—"oh, Sir! you are so wise, and rich, and kind, do rescue that poor child from the penury and hardships of such a life! If you could but have seen and heard her! She could never have been born to it! You look away—I offend you. I have no right to tax your benevolence for others; but, instead of showering favors upon me, so little would suffice for her, if she were but above positive want, with that old man (she would not be happy without him), safe in such a cottage as you give to your own peasants! I am a man, or shall be one soon; I can wrestle with the world, and force my way somehow; but that delicate child, a village show, or a beggar on the high-road! no mother, no brother, no one but that broken-down cripple, leaning upon her arm as his crutch. I can not bear to think of it. I am sure I shall meet her again somewhere; and when I do, may I not write to you, and will you not come to her help? Do speak—do say 'Yes,' Mr. Darrell."

The rich man's breast heaved slightly; he closed his eyes, but for a moment. There was a short and sharp struggle with his better self, and the better self conquered.

"Let go my reins—see, my horse puts down his ears—he may do you a mischief. Now canter on—you shall be satisfied. Give me a moment to—to unbutton my coat—it is too tight for me."

CHAPTER XII.

Guy Darrel gives way to an impulse, and quickly decides what he will do with it.

"LIONEL HAUGHTON," said Guy Darrell, regaining his young cousin's side, and speaking in a firm and measured voice, "I have to thank you for one very happy minute; the sight of a heart so fresh in the limpid purity of goodness is a luxury you can not comprehend till you have come to my age; journeyed, like me, from Dan to Beersheba, and found all barren. Heed me; if you had been half a dozen years older, and this child for whom you plead had been a fair young woman, perhaps just as innocent, just as charming—more in peril—my benevolence would have lain as dormant as a stone. A young man's foolish sentiment for a pretty girl. As your true friend, I should have shrugged my shoulders, and said, 'Beware!' Had I been your father, I should have taken alarm, and frowned. I should have seen the sickly romance, which ends in dupes or deceivers. But at your age, you hearty, genial, and open-hearted boy—you caught but by the chivalrous compassion for helpless female childhood—oh, that you *were* my son—oh, that my dear father's blood were in those knightly veins! I had a son once! God took him;" the strong man's lips quivered—he hurried on. "I felt there was manhood in you when you wrote to fling my churlish favors in my teeth—when you would have left my roof-tree in a burst of passion which might be foolish, but was nobler than the wisdom of calculating submission—manhood, but only perhaps man's pride as man—man's heart not less cold than winter. To-day you have shown me something far better than pride; that nature which constitutes the heroic temperament is completed by two attributes—unflinching purpose, disinterested humanity. I know not yet if you have the first; you reveal to me the second. Yes! I accept the duties you propose to me; I will do more than leave to you the chance of discovering this poor child. I will direct my solicitor to take the right steps to do so. I will see that she is safe from the ills you fear for her. Lionel; more still, I am impatient till I write to Mrs. Haughton. I did her wrong. Remember, I have never seen her. I resented in her the cause of my quarrel with your father, who was once dear to me. Enough of that. I disliked the tone of her letters to me. I disliked it in the mother of a boy who had Darrell blood; other reasons too—let them pass. But in providing for your education, I certainly thought her relations provided for her support. She never asked me for help there; and, judging of her hastily, I thought she would not have scrupled to do so if my help there had not been forestalled. You have made me understand her better; and at all events, three-fourths of what we are in boyhood most of us owe to our mothers! You are frank, fearless, affectionate—a gentleman. I respect the mother who has such a son."

Certainly praise was rare upon Darrell's lips, but, when he did praise, he knew how to do it! And no man will ever command others who has not by nature that gift. It can not be learned. Art and experience can only refine its expression.

THE FIRST MESSAGE FOR THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

(STROPHE.)

Poor World! that in wickedness liest
Enthrall'd by the powers of ill,
And, groaning and travailing, sighest
For better and happier still,
Lo! here is a chance
For helping the right,
And forcing advance
In the enemy's sight,
By godly confession and brotherly love;
By owning on Whom thou reliest,
And openly trusting the Ruler above;
By bidding the very first thrill
On the nerve of this telegraph wire
Be—nothing of science, or profit and loss;
But, flashing electrical deeper and higher,
World, let the first heart-stirring message across—
(Oh, Message! rejoice as thou fliest,
All saints and all angels who fill
Infinity farthest and nighest)—
Be—"Glory to God in the Highest!
Peace upon Earth, and Goodwill!"

(ANTISTROPHE.)

Ay, Man! who with energy triest
To conquer by strength or by skill,
Resolved, though in body thou diest,
In spirit to wrestle up-hill,
Lo! here is a gain
To be won by a word,
If under the main
The first that is heard
Be brotherly kindness and heavenly praise—
If, while thou in courage defiest
The winds and the waves and all perils always,
Enslaving those giants until
They meekly obey thy desire—
If thus, the first whisper that proves thee their lord,
Their master and jailer by fetters of fire,
Be this—the sublimest and happiest word—
(Oh, Message! rejoice as thou fliest,
All saints and all angels who fill
Infinity farthest and nighest)—
Be—"Glory to God in the Highest,
Peace upon Earth, and Goodwill!"

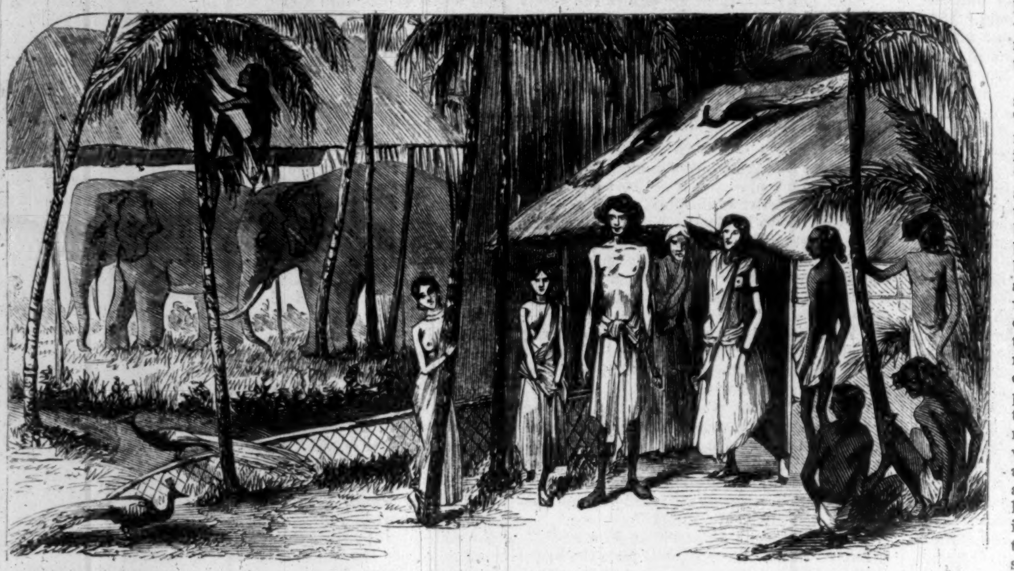
July 27, 1857. MARTIN F. TUPPER.

THE HINDOOS AT HOME.

We thought it would be interesting to our readers, in view of the important contest now pending in Bengal, to give a few illustrations of Hindoo life.

Our first picture represents a ryot home, on the borders of the Ganges, in the Presidency of Bengal; and another, a couple of northern Hindoos—man and wife—of the large muscular breed which is found in the northwestern provinces.

These ryots, the peasantry of Hindostan, are the most oppressed creatures on the face of the earth. It is supposed that they number over a hundred millions in the three Presidencies and the northwestern provinces. Statistical returns show that the average earnings of each head of a family do not exceed $25 a year; *out of which they pay, on the average, $6 25 for rent, and $6 25 for taxes to the Company's Government!* In the Presidency of Bengal, even these figures fail to show the full extent of the oppression to which the peasantry are subject. By an act proposed by Lord Cornwallis, and passed in 1793, the whole of the soil of Bengal was vested in the hereditary aristocracy called Zemindars; they were to pay a heavy tax to the Company, and were left free to levy what they could from the ryots.



A RYOT HOME ON THE GANGES.

NORTHWESTERN MOUNTAINEERS.

Lord Brougham—and he is sustained by Mr. Coldbrook, Mr. Capper, and other high Indian authority—states that in that Presidency the ryot pays eighteen shillings taxes for every twenty which he earns. The Zemindar sublets his land-tax to middle-men, who again sublet to local collectors; and all of these intermediary agents wring a separate profit out of the wretched peasantry. To complain to the local courts is worse than useless, for there the Zemindar is all-powerful, and "vexatious" plaintiffs are apt to be sentenced to a fine or a thrashing.

No wonder that the ryot is a living illustration of the extreme of poverty. In such a cottage as is depicted in our illustration, with mud wall and thatched roof, live families comprising three generations. Their beds—worn-out mats—are rolled up in corners of the single room; their food, rice and pulse, fish, flesh, and vegetables being rare luxuries; their clothing a single rag—the same for males and females—wound round the loins. A bamboo stool, one or two pots, and an earthen vessel, are the only chattels on which the Zemindar can distrain for his rent. Glass, crockery, and even hardware, they have not. In the words of the Earl of Albemarle, "The ryot is a haggard, poverty-smitten, wretched creature. He may often be seen fasting for days together for want of food. Unprotected, harassed, and oppressed, his mind is vailed in a thick gloom of ignorance."

Of the $110,000,000 net revenue levied every year by the Company on Hindostan, this ryot class pay—in the shape of land-tax—about three-fourths. Five-sixths of the balance are derived from the opium and salt monopolies. On the latter, the Government tax is 400 per cent., and the actual average cost to the ryot, in consequence of the high price of freight, is 1000 per cent. over the cost at Calcutta.

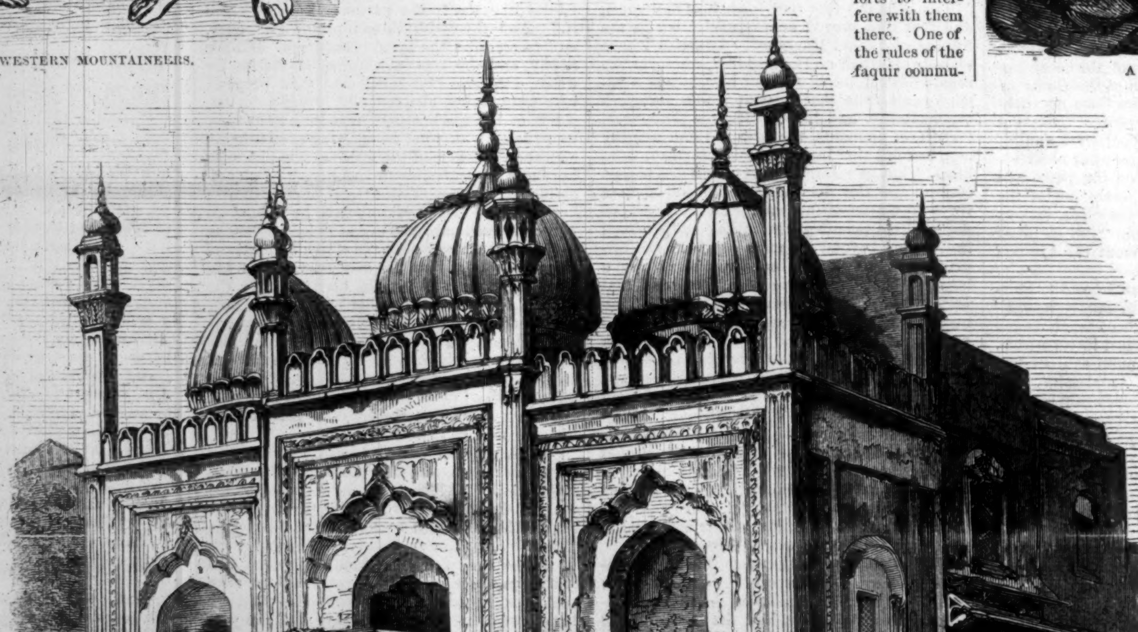
It is comforting to the lover of justice to know that the English are themselves huge sufferers by the oppression they practice on these poor Hindoos. Though the trade is in their own hands and they monopolize the market, they only contrive to sell to the Hindoos twenty-five cents' worth of British goods per head per annum; while we, for instance, take about $5 per head, and such countries as Chili and the South American States take $2 and $3.

Misery is the father of superstition, and it is no wonder that the wretchedness of these poor peasants, perpetuated under each successive government that has ruled them, should have created such abortions as the Faquirs. These fellows—who fill the place in Indian society which was occupied in that of Europe for many centuries by the monks—obtain a living by begging, on the plea that their excessive devotion leaves them no time to work. Originally they combined trade with piety; but finding the latter to pay best, they have now abandoned the former, and may be seen in many parts of India appealing to public benevolence by acts equally offensive to good taste, decency, and common-sense. We have all read of the faquirs who held their arms erect till they could not lower them; who clenched their fists till the nails grew through the palm; who sat crouched till their limbs became paralyzed; who crippled and brutified themselves in various ways, all from their extreme piety, and for the indefinite salvation of the Hindoo race. Such fellows as our illustration represents may still be seen in Calcutta, and in the smaller cities. Few, however, are as well clothed as he. The free air of heaven is the usual faquir costume; and in this attire the lazy rascals are waited upon and fed by the pious maidens and matrons of Hindostan, who feel satisfied, when they have slaked a faquir's thirst and gratified all his wants, that they have performed a work agreeable to Heaven. Needless to add that the life of these faquirs, so far as is known, is grossly sensual and criminal. In some parts of the country the sect has been suppressed in consequence of the fondness of the pious men for other people's property; but the ladies of Bengal stoutly resist all efforts to interfere with them there. One of the rules of the faquir community is, that no youth can be admitted unless he be perfect in all his limbs, and comely; the personal advantages of the holy men doubtless recommend them to the fair devotees as fathers-confessors.

A FAQUIR.

Our last illustration depicts a street in the great city of Delhi. The reader may judge from the magnificence of the building represented in the cut how mighty a city Delhi was in the days of its glory. That street, with the gorgeous palace in the background, and the miserable booths lining the sidewalk, flowed but a few weeks ago with English blood; and even now it reeks with slaughter. In the words of a recent writer, "The crowd of an Indian city, always picturesque, is here particularly rich in showy figures of men and animals. Elephants, camels, and horses, gayly caparisoned, parade through the streets, jingling their silver ornaments and the many-colored tufts and fringes with which they are adorned. The *suwarri* of a great personage sweeping along the highways, little scrupulous of the damage it may effect in its progress, forms a striking spectacle when it can be viewed from some safe corner or from the back of a tall elephant. The *coup d'œil* is magnificent; but to enter into details might destroy the illusion; for, mingled with mounted retainers richly clothed, and armed with glittering helmets, polished spears, and shields knobbed with silver, crowds of wild-looking, half-clad wretches on foot are to be seen, increasing the tumult and the dust, but adding nothing to the splendor of the cavalcade. No great man—and Delhi is full of personages of pretension—ever passes along in state without having his titles shouted out by the stentorian lungs of some of his followers. The cries of the venders of different articles of food, the discordant songs of itinerant musicians, screamed out to the accompaniment of the tom-tom, with an occasional bass volunteered by a cheetah, grumbling out in a sharp roar his annoyance at being hawked about the streets for sale, with the shrill, distressful cry of the camel, the trumpetings of the elephants, the neighing of horses, and the rumbling of cart-wheels, are sounds which assail the ear from sunrise to sunset in the streets of Delhi. The multitude of equipages is exceedingly great, and more diversified, perhaps, than those of any other city in the world. English carriages, altered and improved to suit the climate and the peculiar taste of the possessor, are mingled with the palanquins and bullock-carts, open and covered, the chairs, and the cage-like and lantern-like conveyances of native construction."

The reader will do well to remember the picture; in a short while he may hear of a massacre in that street that will horrify the boldest mind. Should the English take the place, it will go hard with Delhi; for no mercy will be shown to the murderers.



THE PRINCIPAL STREET IN DELHI.

FANS AND THEIR USES.

TUFT FAN.—[16th Century.]

LADY WITH FLAG FAN.—[By Titian.]

FEATHER FAN.

FERRARA FAN.

In sunburned Egypt, three thousand years ago, the use of the fan was restricted to those who had distinguished themselves in battle, and to royalty. The office of fan-bearer to the ruling Pharaoh was one of no little dignity. The royal fan-bearers acted as generals and marshals in time of war; and their fans, semicircular pieces of cloth, painted with brilliant colors, and fixed to the end of a long pole—as shown in our illustration—served as banners in action, and formed the rallying-points for bristling squadrons of Pharaonic cavalry and infantry. In peace, the fan-bearers waited upon majesty in its devotions, keeping cool the royal brow, and protecting the royal offering from the attacks of noxious insects.

In India, the original type of the fan was the common palm-leaf. Bullocks' tails were also used, the bushy extremity forming no bad fly-flapper. In Persia, and among the Arabs, plumes of ostrich feathers were more generally used. In ancient Greece, they gave the fan the form of the plantain-leaf. The Grecian beauties fanned themselves with artistically-arranged bunches of peacock feathers. The fans of the priests of Isis were formed of the wings of a bird attached to a wand, and resembled the caduceus of Mercury.

GRECIAN FAN.

PARASOL FAN.

EGYPTIAN FAN

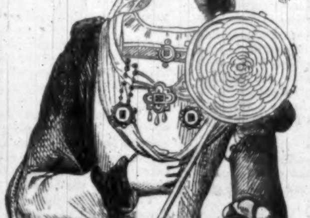
In China, the land whence most of our fancy fans are brought, this instrument was long held in peculiar veneration. Chinese tradition relates that the first fan, made of red feathers, was presented to the Emperor Tchao-wang by a conquered prince. When the manufacture was begun in the Celestial Empire the sagacious fan-makers presented to the Empress a beautiful fan of white feathers, with which she was so well pleased that she displayed it when she went abroad in the imperial palanquin. The consequence was that fans instantly became the rage, and no celestial beauty considered herself fully equipped without one of the new fly-flappers.

White silk variously embroidered was the chief material used, till one day the Emperor took it into his head to prohibit such extravagance. Thereupon for a time Chinese ingenuity was put to sore shifts to satisfy the taste with more common materials. At length we read that some lucky fellow hit upon a bamboo fan; and in the year A.D. 219 the Emperor presented to the Imperial Academy a fan of bamboo carved and painted blue. About this time, too, ivory began to be used, and many of the small-footed beauties rejoiced in fans splendidly embellished, painted in the most enchanting fashion, and formed into such various rare and queer forms as the Celestial æsthetic sense judged beautiful. One fan we read of, which represented, in a space of ten by eight inches, a *perspective* view of all the rivers, mountains, valleys, and plains of over a thousand miles of the Flowery Land! The Chinese historian recounts with great enthusiasm the marvelous workmanship of this master-piece. A farther improvement was made in *transparent* fans, which were probably preferred by the young Celestials for purposes of flirtation.

It is not known when folding fans were first introduced. The invention of this convenience is ascribed to a Japanese artificer, who, as a reward, has been raised to the rank of a fourth-rate deity in Japan, and is worshiped to this day. The earliest mention of this kind of fan is found in a Chinese book dating about A.D. 960. It is there stated that about that time the *tsin-theou-chen*, or folding fan, was introduced by Tchang-ping-hai, and that it was considered a votive offering or tribute from the barbarians of the Southeast to the brother of the Sun, Moon, and Stars.

The most ingenious devices for fans came originally from Japan. The Japanese first introduced the semicircular shape. In the fifteenth century this style passed to China, and thence gradually to Portugal and the rest of Europe.

In Japan the fan is not so much an object of luxury as of necessity. Neither men nor women wear hats, and the fan serves instead to keep off the too-brilliant sun. The Japanese soldier no more appears on parade or in battle without his fan than would the Chinese trooper without his umbrella. It is indispensable. The priest goes to his sacred rites with fan in hand; visitors receive their dainties upon their fans; the beggar imploring charity holds out his fan to receive the expected alms. The dandy carries his fan as a switch; the pedagogue uses it upon the knuckles of refractory urchins; the high mandarin motions with his



FAN OF RICE STRAW.—[15th Century.]

INDIAN FANS.

CHINESE FAN.—[From Chinese Sketch.]

THE PARASOL FAN IN FIVE DIFFERENT POSITIONS.

fan as with a baton; and finally, a fan presented upon a peculiarly-formed salver to the high-born criminal is the form of announcing to him his death doom, his head being struck off at the moment when he stretches it respectfully toward this emblem of his fate.

In the early ages of Christendom the Church appropriated the fan to religious purposes, and thus imparted to it a mysterious significance, which preserved it from common use. Bishop Suarez even maintained, on the authority of an apocryphal liturgy attributed to St. James, that the apostles instituted the use of sacred fans or flabellums. The history of fans, during the Middle Ages, is wrapped in mystery. Probably the returning Crusaders brought the fashion with them, and thus spread and popularized it throughout Europe. Fans soon became objects of great splendor, on which the rich and high-born lavished much money and taste. Francis I. of France possessed a fan of rich and curious workmanship, whose value was thought actually inestimable. Queen Eleanor's fan was decorated with a small mirror set with precious stones; and Queen Margaret gave to Queen Louisa of Lorraine a fan of mother-of-pearl, so magnificently ornamented with pearls and jewels as to be valued at 1200 crowns—about $5000 of our money.

During the 14th and 15th centuries three fashions of fans prevailed in Europe: the feather fan; the flag fan, of which we give a sample from a portrait by Titian; and the folding fan. The flag fans were most probably of Saracen origin, and were made of silk and cloth of gold. They do not seem well calculated for the usual purposes of fans. In those days the handles of fans were made of gold or silver, and the fan was suspended from the girdle by a golden chain.

In England, during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, fans were constructed of ostrich feathers, inserted into handles of gold, silver, and ivory, beautifully wrought. Silver and ivory becoming common among the people, the nobility had theirs inlaid with gems. The Virgin Queen possessed many magnificent fans. One she received as an anonymous New-year's present was studded with diamonds, and was valued at $2000. At another time she received a fan which formed the haft of a knife. About this time the Portuguese ladies used folding fans with ivory handles. The Italians had paper fans curiously painted with amorous scenes—such as are now again becoming the fashion. These were sold at a very cheap rate, sometimes as low as a groat each. Painted fans were also in vogue among the ladies of Spain, and Spanish painters of eminence often made sketches for the fans carried by the court beauties.

In the seventeenth century fans were principally used in England. The gentlemen had prodigious fans with handles of most formidable length, with which they chastised their daughters when these proved rebellious. The materials employed at this time were leather, lambskin, taffeta, paper, wood, ivory, mother-of-pearl, gold and silver.

Some of the most beautiful carved and painted fans are of the period of Louis XIV. The celebrated painters Watteau and Boucher sketched designs for the fans.

During the eighteenth century fans came into universal use all over Europe. In England, especially, the fan was the rage among the ladies, and the wits directed their shafts against the epidemic. Snuff-boxes were then affected by all men of fashion, and fans were their counterpart with the ladies. The "Spectator" informs us that women "are armed with fans as with swords"—a simile not at all unlike, when we take into consideration the various evolutions they were said to perform with these weapons, and the execution perpetrated by their means upon the hearts of the beaux and young men of the town.

The most effective exercise of the fan—and one, by the way, which it required three months' constant practice to become perfect in—was the *flutter*. By this the fair holder could express any and every emotion of which she was capable. There was the angry flutter, the modest flutter, the timorous flutter, the confused flutter, the merry flutter, and the amorous flutter. Indeed the "Spectator" declares that he could tell by merely seeing the fan of a lady whether she were laughing, frowning, or blushing at the moment. A marvelous and spirit-stirring sight it must have been, to see the beauties of those days doing execution as they are represented to have done with their fans—weapons which were, too, of a size to do execution, being often not less than a yard wide.

It was the fashion in those days to ornament the fans with paintings of the leading subjects of interest of the day. Madame de Maintenon had a most interesting fan, on which her own apartment was represented to the life. The king appeared employed at his desk; Madame de M. spinning; the Duchess of Burgundy at play; and Mademoiselle d'Aubigny, niece to Madame de M., at her collation. At the time of Sacheverell's trial nothing was seen on the fans of the high-church ladies but pictorial representations of Westminster Hall with the meek and interesting victim at the bar. When "Gulliver's Travels" appeared, all the fans at church and opera testified to the delight of the fashionable world in that production. A fan sent to Lady Bolingbroke had all the principal scenes in Gulliver's adventurous life painted on both sides. When the Beggar's Opera became the rage, its favorite songs were in like manner painted on the fashionable fans. Our readers will probably remember the Crystal Palace fans of a few years ago—a latter-day exemplification of the same idea, which, however, did not succeed so well with the fashionables of America.

A correspondent of the "Gentleman's Magazine" for 1753, more than a century ago, gives the following list of "elegantly executed designs, which at a late celebration of the communion in a certain church of this metropolis (London), were actually displayed by way of screens to as many pretty faces disposed in a semicircular arrangement about the holy table;

1. "Harlequin, Pierrot, and Columbine.
2. "The Prodigal Son, with his harlots, copied from the Rake's Progress.
3. "Joseph and his Mistress.
4. "The humors of Change Alley.
5. "Silenus, with his proper symbols and supporters.
6. "The Judgment of Paris;"

and six others of like subjects.

As to the statistics of fan-making: in 1753 there were no less than five hundred fan-makers in Paris. At present the Chinese and French are the great rivals in the business. In lackered fans the Chinese are pre-eminent. In the other various fancy fans Paris carries off the palm. In 1847 half a million dollars' worth of fans were made in Paris. The labor is much subdivided, a fan passing through no less than twenty different operations, performed by as many different operatives. There were, in 1847, 121 fan-makers in Paris employing 575 work-people. There is but a small amount of capital invested in the United States in the manufacture of fans, and those made are mostly of the cheap kind.

We will close this account with a description of a new style of fans, just being introduced, which combines, in a very neat and convenient way, two very dissimilar instruments, the fan and parasol. The idea is by no means new, for we read that Henry III. of France (1574) had a fan which was so arranged that he was enabled to use it as a sun-shade.

Figure 1 shows the shape of the fan-parasol closed. Figure 2 shows it opened fan-wise. This is performed in the usual manner of opening a fan. Touching a spring near the joint, the fan assumes the shape of Figure 3. At the same time the handle is elongated by drawing it out, it being double. It must now be spread as in Figure 4, fastening the two edges together, by means of small hooks and eyes provided for that purpose. To change it back to a fan, it is only necessary to pull the small string shown in Figure 5. These fans are as yet sold only in Paris. But we have no doubt that so great a convenience will soon be introduced among our republican ladies, although the high price—from $10 to $15—will for some time confine their use to the wealthier classes.

A DEAD PAST.

SPARE her at least; look, you have taken from me
The Present, and I murmur not, nor moan;
The Future too, with all her glorious promise,
But do not leave me utterly alone.

Spare me the Past—for, see, she can not harm you,
She lies so white and cold, wrapped in her shroud,
All, all my own! and trust me I will hide her
Within my soul, nor speak to her aloud.

I folded her soft hands upon her bosom
And strewed my flowers upon her—they still live—
Sometimes I like to kiss her closed white eyelids,
And think of all the joy she used to give.

Cruel indeed it were to take her from me;
She sleeps, she will not wake—no fear—again.
And so I laid her, such a gentle burden,
Quietly on my heart to still its pain.

I do not think the rosy smiling Present,
Or the vague Future, spite of all her charms,
Could ever rival her. You know you laid her,
Long years ago, then living, in my arms.

Leave her at least—while my tears fall upon her,
I dream she smiles, just as she did of yore;
As dear as ever to me—nay, it may be,
Even dearer still—since I have nothing more.

MEMS. OF A MOTHER-IN-LAW.

[MR. PUNCH conceives he has a perfect right to print the memoranda following, having found them jotted on the fly-leaves of one of his own pocket-books. *Mr. Punch* will not stoop to explain how it was the book in question fell into his hands, nor can he allow himself to feel the slightest twinge of conscience in thus making widely public what was obviously penned solely for the private perusal of the writer. In his position of purveyor of amusement to the nation, *Mr. Punch* must sometimes sacrifice his delicacy to his duty; and even where, as in the present instance, a lady is the victim, he feels that in the Editor he must sink the Man, and hold the interests of his readers paramount to his politeness.]

"*Mem.* As soon as the young couple are comfortably settled, to write to invite myself to come and spend a week with them.

"*Mem.* To take my easy chair and poodle and spring-mattress with me, and all the other household comforts I am used to.

"*Mem.* To sell the rest of my furniture, and give my landlord notice that I shall not require to be his tenant any longer.

"*Mem.* To take an early opportunity of convincing Edward that, with an *experienced* person in the house, it is quite as cheap to provide for three mouths as for two.

"*Mem.* To give Jemima some instruction in the art of household book-keeping, and to show her how to put down a new bonnet now and then under the unfathomable head of 'Sundries.'

"*Mem.* To maintain my character for being quite an invalid, because one is thereby certain of receiving such attention.

"*Mem.* To be ordered by my doctor to take hot suppers, and to get him to prescribe a glass of port-wine negus after them, to be drunk, of course, medicinally.

"*Mem.* To lose no opportunity of persuading Edward to go out shopping with me, 'because he knows the way about so well;' and to be careful upon such occasions always to put on my very oldest shawl and bonnet.

"*Mem.* To take the active management of the visiting department, and only keep up those connections who repay our dinner invitations with good interest.

"*Mem.* To relieve Jemima of her culinary cares, by taking off her hands the command of the *cuisine*, and not to be too scrupulous about ordering the dishes which I am most fond of, because they happen to be somewhat expensive.

"*Mem.* To be careful always to be present at the monthly settlings for housekeeping; so that should Edward ever 'wonder how the money goes,' I may be at hand to silence him with my 'experience,' and to convince him that he can not possibly expect to live cheaper than he does, while he *will* persist in ordering such quantities of walnuts (which my dentist has lately forbidden me to touch).

"*Mem.* Not to forget to have my old deafness come back to me, whenever there are any hints thrown out as to two being company and three being none.

"*Mem.* To remember always to make Edward some small present on his birthday—such as a bead purse or a pair of knitted muffatees—as of course he will be forced to return me the compliment; and to save themselves trouble, men generally give one a *carte blanche*.

"*Mem.* To go out shopping with Jemima on the slightest provocation, and make any little purchases I may require at the shops she has a regular account at.

"*Mem.* Not to forget to tell the shopmen that, to save themselves trouble, they may as well make out one bill for the two.

"*Mem.* To insist on sitting up for Edward whenever he dines out, and to be careful upon such occasions to have him leave the brandy out—that being the best thing for keeping one awake.

"*Mem.* To persuade Edward that Smoking is injurious to his health, and to get the money he thus saves put into the Missionary-box.

"*Mem.* To keep the key of it, and—"

(Here the MS. suddenly breaks off.)

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

A BOSTON lady, having a drunken husband, resolved to frighten him into temperance. She therefore engaged a watchman, for a stipulated reward, to carry "Philander" to the watch-house, while yet in a state of insensibility, and to "frighten him a little" when he recovered.

In consequence of this arrangement, he was waked up about eleven o'clock at night, and found himself lying on a pine bench in a strange and dim apartment. Raising himself on his elbow, he looked around, until his eye rested on a man sitting by a stove, and smoking a cigar.

"Where am I?" asked Philander.

"In a medical college!" said the cigar-smoker.

"What a-doing there?"

"Going to be cut up!"

"*Cut up!*—how comes that?"

"Why, you died yesterday, while you were drunk, and we have brought your body here to make a 'natomy!"

"It's a lie—I *ain't* dead!"

"No matter; we bought your carcass, *any* how, from your wife, who had a right to sell it, for it's all the good she could ever make out of you. If you're *not* dead, it's no fault of the doctors, and they'll cut you up, dead or *alive!*"

"You will *do* it, eh?" asked the old sot.

"To be sure we will—*now—immediately*," was the resolute answer.

"Wa'al, look o' here, can't you *let us have something to drink before you begin?*"

BODY-ARMOR FOR THE LADIES.

Forty thousand tons of Swedish iron have been imported for the manufacture of crinolines! The metal which used to be converted into mail-coats is now appropriated to female petticoats. Among the tortures of the Inquisition of Avignon was one called "the maiden"—a fair figure, into whose arms unhappy prisoners being pushed, found themselves clasped by strong steel springs, and so squeezed to death! Every lover will risk the same fate under our present *régime* of steel *jupes à ressorts*.

OH SHAM, WHERE IS THY BLUSH?

"Sham—a word, the English of which I doubt, and the Parliamentary use of which I would almost deprecate."—*Mr. Disraeli, July 1.*

"There is a word I'd never use—
'Tis Sham"—remarked the Asian Mystic:
Henceforth, who'll venture to accuse
Dizzy of being—egotistic?

AN EXCEPTION TO EVERY RULE.—The man who, as a rule, thinks every thing and every body "a bore!" always makes an exception in favor of—himself.

PUNCH ON CHURCH'S NIAGARA.

A painting of *Niagara*, by Church—not *the* Church of England or Rome, but one of the many American Churches—is at present to be seen at Messrs. Lloyd's, in Gracechurch Street—a locality more appropriate to the artist than accessible to his admirers. For if the work, as here shown, does grace Church, its painter, it is quite beyond the limits of a shilling cab-fare from any known locality.

It is a wonderful picture. The almighty water-power, as the Yankees call the cataract, is represented with almost equal oil-power by the painter. And we can only say that the Church of America should be visited by all worshipers of the Beautiful.

MISANTHROPY, BY DOUBLE ENTRY.—To escape from the boredom of ourselves we fly into the world, and to escape from the boredom of others we are only too glad to fly home again.

HOW TO GET A LADY TO SHOW HER FOOT.—Praise the foot of some one else!

A CONVENIENT CLOAK.

Mr. Hunks (familiarly known as Old Huncks) refuses to buy his wife a fashionable mantle, on the plea that it must necessarily be accompanied by so much trimming and up-braiding.

Krautsalaat's wife has a great fancy for country life, and insists on keeping a hen in the back yard, as Hood says, "to furnish milk, butter, and eggs" for the family. The other day she came to Krautsalaat in great trepidation. "My dear," said she, "the hen has commenced to set. I took the eggs away from her, and she is setting now in one corner of the coal-bin, on an old axe-head!" "Well, my dear," responded Krautsalaat, in his subdued, bilious way, "if the hen is setting upon an old axe-head, it seems quite likely that she may hatch-it!"

"Though lost to sight, to memory dear," as the maid said to her lover, when his face was buried in beard and whiskers.

Three things to be despised—a brawler in a workshop, a fool in fine clothes, and a slanderer.

"That is an elegant extract," as a witty young author observed when he assisted a young lady out of a ditch into which she had stepped at a picnic party.

At the Belleville Theatre the opera of *La Gazza Ladra* was being performed, when, in one of the most pathetic scenes, some one threw on the stage a large head of a goose, which threw the audience into loud laughter. Upon silence being restored, the actor, Cotru, advanced to the front of the stage, and said, "Gentlemen, if any one among you has lost his head, do not be uneasy at its loss, for I will restore it to you on the conclusion of the performance."

An Albany paper thinks it is a woman, and not her wrongs, that ought to be re-dressed.

YOUNG LADY. "Isn't that a pretty baby, Mr. Brown?"

BROWN. "Yes, my dear—boy or a girl?"

YOUNG LADY. "He—a—belongs to the female persuasion, Sir." Brown is himself the same individual who, upon being complimented by a lady upon the beauty of his dog, replied: "Beg your pardon, marm; 'taint a *dog—it's one of your own sex!*"

As for a little more money and a little more time, why it's ten to one if either one or the other would make you a whit happier. If you had more time, it would be sure to hang heavily. It is the working man is the happy man. Man was made to be active, and he is never so happy as when he is so. It is the idle man is the miserable man.

Some folks can write, and some folks can't. Those who can't would do well to take as "copy" the following letter, written by Mr. P. Wicker, to the Editor of the Niles *Enquirer*, who was so rash as to ask for "them subscription."

tonnywondy nu York.
Novm the 10 18 fifty 6

mr edytur you mis it For sending For money Now For I hante got None
the fax is i gott pizend this Faul & hante dun a stich of wuk in moron 4 weaks I spose i wur pizend by ivury or shumeak.
ime in a Nawful way my boddys big gern a barrill and my feet Luk lyke a kupel uf nigger bebize they is swelled so and Luk so black
i ete some wild parsonips for dinnor this mornin & Theyre cramping me orfully
yourn til deth and well wisher
Preserved wicker
N b you don't kno of nothin wots good For pizun i spose duz ye

Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, in his address at the Boston Musical Festival, told the following incident:

"During the negotiation, at Ghent, of the treaty of peace, a festival or banquet, or it might have been a ball, was about to take place, at which it was proposed to pay the customary musical compliment to all the sovereigns who were either present or represented on the occasion. The Sovereign People of the United States—represented there, as you remember, by Mr. Adams, Mr. Bayard, Mr. Clay, Mr. Jonathan Russell, and Mr. Gallatin—were of course not to be overlooked, and the musical conductor, or band master, of the place called upon these Commissioners to furnish him with our national air. 'Our national air,' said they, 'is Yankee Doodle.' 'Yankee Doodle,' said the conductor; 'what is that? Where shall I find it? By whom was it composed? Can you supply me with the score?' The perplexity of the Commissioners may be better conceived than described. They were fairly at their wits' end. They had never imagined that they should have scores of this sort to settle, and each turned to the other in despair. At last they bethought them, in a happy moment, that there was a colored servant of Mr. Clay's who, like so many of his race, was a first-rate whistler, and who was certain to know Yankee Doodle by heart. He was sent for, accordingly, and the problem was solved without further delay. The band master jotted down the air as the colored boy whistled it; 'and before night,' said Mr. Adams, 'Yankee Doodle was set to so many parts that you would hardly have known it, and it came out the next day in all the pride, pomp, and circumstance of viol and hautboy, of drum, trumpet, and cymbal, to the edification of the Allied Sovereigns of Europe, and to the glorification of the United Sovereigns of America.'"

A student of one of our colleges had a barrel of ale deposited in his room—contrary, of course, to rule and usage. He received a summons to appear before the President, who said:

"Sir, I am informed that you have a barrel of ale in your room."

"Yes, Sir."

"Well, what explanation can you make?"

"Why, the fact is, Sir, my physician advises me to try a little each day as a tonic, and not wishing to stop at the various places where the beverage is retailed, I concluded to have a barrel taken to my room."

"Indeed! And have you derived any benefit from the use of it?"

"Ah, yes, Sir. When the barrel was first taken to my room, two days since, I could scarcely lift it. Now I can carry it with the greatest ease."

"What is your opinion of the talents of our preacher?" said a gentleman the other day to his friend, as they were wending their way homeward from church. "His sermons are quite original—entirely his own compositions."

"So I should think," rejoined the latter; "nor is the composing his own sermons his only recommendation, he composes his hearers too, for I observed that at least one-third of them were comfortably dozing."

"This spring," says the Nashua *Telegraph*, "'just for the fun of the thing,' we planted in our little potatoe patch some six-weeks beans, in letters—'don't you know?' People come along and look, and begin to spell, 'D-o-n-t, don't, y-o-u, you, k-n-o-w, know—what does that mean?' Not the first one, to our knowledge, has read it right off, '*Don't you know beans?*'"

"Wonderful things are done nowadays," said Mr. Trimmins; "the doctor has given Flack's boy a new lip from his cheek." "Ah!" said the lady, "many's the time I have known a pair taken from mine, and no very painful operation either!"

A country woman was carrying on a very simple process against a neighbor in one of the small courts of Germany. The attorney of the opponent pestered her with so much of chicanery and legal subtleties, that she lost all patience and interrupted him thus:

"My Lord, the case is simply this: I bespoke of my opponent, the carpet-maker, a carpet, with figures which were to be as handsome as my Lord, the Judge; and he wants now to force me to take one with horrible caricatures, uglier even than his attorney. Was I not right in breaking off the bargain?"

The court laughed at the comparison, the attorney was stupefied, and the woman won the case.

A boarding-house keeper in Baltimore advertises to "furnish gentlemen with pleasant and comfortable rooms, also one or two gentlemen with wives."

The shortest way to raise money for any public purpose (says some cynical dog) is to tax female beauty, and leave every lady to rate her own charms.

A Down-East editor advises his readers, if they wish to get teeth inserted gratis, to go and steal fruit where his watch-dog is on guard.

"John, stop your crying," said an enraged father to his son, who had kept up an intolerable yell for the past five minutes. "Stop, I say, do you hear?" again repeated the father, after a few minutes, the boy still crying. "You don't suppose I can choke off in a minute, do you?" chimed in the urchin.

Speaking of the merits of a watch, Abel says he had one once that gained enough in three weeks to pay for itself.

It is said that no fort ever suffered so much from a single battle as has the piano-forte from the battle of Prague.

The rage for elopement out West has become so universal, that an Irishman in the poor-house at Detroit has run away with one of the pauper girls in the establishment. The officers, thinking themselves no doubt relieved of a portion of their care, do not appear to have made any pursuit.

A few weeks since, says the *Norfolk Argus*, a lady lost a breast-pin which she prized very highly, and, being desirous to recover it if possible, she advertised for it in our paper. Her advertisement appeared but a few times, when, on going to her bureau drawer, she there saw the missing breast-pin, looking as natural as ever. We always thought there was efficacy in advertising, but this instance is conclusive.

WHEN THE PURSE IS FULL.

Oh! happy are the hours when the purse is full;
Time passes over flowers when the purse is full;
Where'er our fancy wends,
We are sure to meet with friends,
And there's nothing that *offends*—when the purse is full.

But weary are the hours when the purse is low,
And few and far the flowers when the purse is low;
Where'er our footsteps range
Comes the chilling breath of change,
And the best of friends *look strange* when the purse is low.

Morn cometh with a dance when the purse is full;
There is music in her glance when the purse is full;
Life then is something worth—
There is pleasure upon earth—
There is beauty, song, and mirth—when the purse is full.

Among the recent guests at the Girard House, Philadelphia, was the celebrated tenor, Amodio, who, as our readers well know, is a remarkable specimen of rotund adiposity, weighing not less than 280 pounds avoirdupois. One morning, during the late session of the Quarantine Convention, the aforesaid tenor was surprised to see opposite him at the breakfast table, a man in presence of whose corporeal dimensions he could himself make no pretensions—none other than Dr. John Moriarty, of Boston, then in attendance upon the convention, whose weight is put down at 410 pounds avoirdupois. The tenor dropped the table cutlery from his hands, and sat with his eyes fixed upon his *vis-a-vis* in mute astonishment, until the meal was completed, when rushing to the office, he exclaimed:

"Mistare Chadwick, I vant von introduction to ze verra big gentleman which sit opposite to me at ze table."

"Certainly, Sir, walk up," was the reply; and a moment after the greater and the lesser giants were energetically shaking hands, Dr. Moriarty assuring the tenor he was very happy to make his acquaintance, to which the tenor rejoined: "Ah! my verra dear Sir, I am twice glad to know you—once for your own sake, and twice because now they can no more call me von fat man. Beside you I am like ze rhinocerous beside ze elephant!"

"How old are you, Pete?" said a Southern planter to one of his grayheaded negroes one day. "I dunna, Massa—I feels bery old; 'spect I'se about five or six hundred."

Curran was pleading for one of the state prisoners, in 1803; the judge shook his head, in doubt or contradiction of one of the advocate's arguments. "I see, gentlemen," said Curran, "the motion of his lordship's head: you may think it implies a difference of opinion, but it does not; believe me, gentlemen, if you remain here many days, you will yourselves perceive that when his lordship *shakes his head there's nothing in it.*" "Curran," said a judge once, whose wig being a little awry caused some laughter in court, "do you see any thing ridiculous in this wig?" "Nothing but the *head*, my lord," was the reply. Still better is the following: A lord, who got his title for his vote on the Union, meeting Curran near the Parliament House, in College Green, said, "Curran, what do they mean to do with this useless building? For my part, I hate the very sight of it." "I do not wonder at it, my lord," said Curran, contemptuously, "I never yet heard of a *murderer* who was not afraid of a *ghost.*" At dinner he once sat opposite to Toler, who was called the "hanging judge." "Curran," said Toler, "is that hung beef before you?" "Do you *try* it, my lord," said Curran, "and it's sure to be."

Some time ago one of the churches in Salem had a mis behaving brother up for discipline, and was about to excommunicate him, whereupon the world's people held a meeting outside, and voted not to receive him, unless he should be returned in as good condition as when delivered to the church!

It has been said that grain is treated like infants. When the head becomes heavy it is cradled; and it is generally well thrashed to render it fit for use.

The *Springfield Republican* tells a story of a coal dealer and an insurance officer who were conversing, when the latter suggested cigars, and jocularly offered to pay if the coal dealer, Mr. P——, would get them. "Agreed," was the word, and Mr. P—— received ten cents, went off and bought a couple of cigars. Mr. F——, the insurance man, sat still in his chair, received his cigar, and, after puffing and squeezing and punching, remarked that P—— had better luck with the cigar he was puffing freely away upon than had fallen to his own lot. "I shouldn't wonder," replied P——, "*for I gave eight cents for mine, and only two for yours!*"

"My son, how could you marry an Irish girl?"
"Why, father, I am not able to keep two women. If I had married an American girl, I'd been obliged to hire an Irish girl to take care of her."

"I say, Jimmy, did you ever see such a summer as this?" "Faith and I have." "When?" "Last winter, by jabers."

The mania of locating things "in our midst," reminds us of a Janesville (Wisconsin) advertisement which went the rounds of the papers some years ago—about the time the celebrated Rock-River Railroad was first projected by that enterprising company of Jeremy Diddlers who walked into the affections and pockets of John Bull to the tune of a million or thereabouts. Every body within thirty miles of Janesville was, of course, to be accommodated with a railroad, and hundreds of farms were accordingly offered for sale, each with a "railroad running right through it." There was not a building-lot in the entire city but what was advertised in the same way—lumber-yards, stores, hotels, traveling circuses—every thing, in fact, had a "railroad running right through it." Finally some one sent to the printer an advertisement of a cow for sale, with directions to have it well displayed, and worded after the most approved fashion of "taking advertisements." The astonishment of the owner of the cow may well be imagined when, on looking over the paper the next day, he found that she was advertised *with a railroad running right through her.*

The *Nashville Banner* says: "A very sedate gentleman from the rural districts passing through one of our warehouses in Market Street was arrested by a large number of barrels of 'Red head copper distilled,' which obstructed his passage. 'How many barrels of whisky have you in store?' inquired our friend of an *attaché* of the house, with an air of great interest. 'Three thousand,' promptly replied the interrogated. 'Three thousand barrels,' repeated the countryman, speaking very deliberately, 'ten fights to the barrel is a low estimate—and how many fights is that?' 'Thirty thousand fights,' replied the mathematical clerk. 'Thirty thousand fights barreled up in one house! what a war is in prospective!' and he passed on in a very brown study."

Mr. Bildad Jones, mate of the Connecticut River schooner *Sally Anne*, walked aft, and addressed the captain:

"Captain Spuner, if you keep the skuner on this course you'll have her hard aground on them flats."

Whereto the captain: "Mr. Mate, you jest go forard and 'tend to your part of the skuner, and I'll 'tend to mine."

Bildad went forward, let go the anchor, walked aft, and reported, "Captain Spuner, my part of the skuner is at anchor!"

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, *Monday Evening, Aug.* 17, 1857.

The trade of the port, for the first time for many months, was less last week than it was during the corresponding week of 1856, as appears by the following table:

	Imports.	Exports.
Week ending Aug. 8, 1857	$5,436,432....	$1,211,111
Corresponding week, 1856	6,974,911....	2,374,678
Decrease this year	$1,538,479....	$1,163,567

The export of specie, including $841,000 per *Baltic* on Saturday, fell short of a million, shippers, as a whole, reserving themselves for the *Persia* on Wednesday, and having, moreover, sent $650,000 to Boston for shipment there.

Money is in rather more demand, first-class paper going at 8 @ 9, and poorer qualities at 12 @ 15 @ 18. The demand for money for the Wall Street people being, however, small, but little inconvenience has yet been felt, and the mercantile circles have not been straitened.

The feature of the week has been the collapse of the corner in Michigan Southern, which took place sooner than was expected, chiefly in consequence of the disclosure of the fact that a large over-issue of stock had been made and hypothecated for advances. The fall between Saturday the 8th and Saturday the 15th was 20 per cent., and the stock shows no signs of rallying. The whole market has sympathized, and is from 2 to 4 per cent. worse than it was last week.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Monday Evening, August* 17, 1857.

The Wholesale Produce Market exhibits no important change this week. Cotton is firmer; Flour a fraction weaker. The inquiry is chiefly in the supply of the immediate wants of the Eastern and local trade. Receipts moderate, and the stock begins to show some slight accumulation. Sales at $6 45 @ $6 55 for common to choice Superfine State; $6 75 @ $6 85 for extra State; $6 50 @ $6 55 for common to good Superfine Western; $6 60 @ $7 00 for common to medium extra Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, and Ohio. The market closing dull, without, however, any very great desire on the part of holders to realize. Southern Flour is in fair supply, and the market is heavy. Sales 1200 barrels, at $7 25 @ $7 65 for common to choice Superfine; and $7 70 @ $9 25 for fancy and extra. Of Rye Flour small sales are reported at $4 00 @ $5 75 for common fine to choice Superfine. No important change in the market for Corn Meal, and the transactions are only to a limited extent.

The supply of Wheat is increasing, and with a pretty strong desire on the part of holders to realize, the market may be quoted at 1 @ 2 c. lower for Old, and 2 @ 3 c. for New. Sales include 6500 bushels new White Southern, at $1 80 @ $1 82½; 1000 very handsome White Tennessee, at $1 91; 6500 Red Southern, at $1 70 @ $1 72½; and 1000 Milwaukee Club, at $1 43, the market closing dull, and the tendency downward. In Rye there is more doing at easier prices. Sales 6500 bushels good and prime Northern, at $1 00 per bushel.

The market for Pork continues quiet, with prices still in favor of the seller. Mess brought 10 c. above yesterday's prices just before the close. The sales are 750 barrels, at $24 40 @ $24 50 for Mess, $19 45 @ $19 50 for Prime, $20 25 @ $20 50 for Prime Mess, and $25 75 @ $26 for Clear. The Beef market continues dull, but there is no quotable change in prices. The sales do not exceed 140 barrels, at $15 50 @ $17 50 for repacked Western Mess, and $18 @ $19 for extra Mess. Prime Mess Beef Hams continue inactive, and prices are nominally as quoted yesterday. Cut Meats are buoyant, and small sales were made at 11¼ c. for Shoulders, and 12¾ c. for Hams. Bacon is quiet and nominal as last noted. Lard continues buoyant, with sales of 270 barrels at 15¼ c. @ 15⁵⁄₁₆ c. Butter is selling to a fair extent at 16 c. to 20 c. for Ohio, and 19 c. to 23 c. for State. Cheese continues dull.

The Live Stock Market is higher for Beef Cattle by 1 c. @ 1½ c. the pound. The supply was 2704 head, against 2508 last week. The quality of the cattle continues to improve, and several lots were ranked as prime quality, or even "premiums." Some of them were sufficiently large and fat for cool weather, but in a short market like the present they found quick sales.

PRICES OF BEEF AT FORTY-FOURTH STREET.

	To-day.	Last week.
Premium Cattle..............	13½c. @ 14c.	12½c. @ 13c.
First quality................	12½c. @ 13c.	11½c. @ 12c.
Medium quality	11½c. @ 12c.	11c. @ 11½c.
Poor quality	10½c. @ 11c.	10c. @ 11c.
Poorest quality	10c. @ 10½c.	8½c. @ 9½c.
General selling prices.......	11c. @ 13c.	10c. @ 11½c.
Average of all sales.........	11½c. @ 12c.	10½c. @ 10¾c.

A corresponding increase in the price of Veal was realized. The receipts of Sheep and Lambs have been large, and a lively trade is noticed. Sheep are in good demand at 9½ @ 10½ c. per pound, net weight, and Lambs bring 11 @ 13 c. Some of the latter now arriving are of inferior quality.

In the Country Produce Market the principal feature is the disease of the staple crop—of Potatoes. Accounts from various parts of the country speak of the prevalence of rot. Our quotations are for those in a sound, healthy condition. Some varieties dug from badly diseased localities sell for 25 @ 50 c. per bushel. Of course, they are not in a sound state, and should not be used for food. Of small fruits, Raspberries are nearly gone, but Blackberries and Whortleberries are in good supply. Long Island continues to furnish large quantities of the wild running Blackberry, while cultivators are supplying the hotels, saloons, and fruit depots with the New Rochelle or Lawton Berry, of superior size and quality. Tomatoes from New Jersey and Long Island are giving evidence of a good crop, and prices are declining. Pears are not as plentiful as they were last season. Apples are scarce in this vicinity. The prospect of a good crop is pretty fair at the West, however. Peaches arrive in fair condition from Delaware, and find a ready market at $3 00 @ $5 00 per basket. From New Jersey they are mostly windfalls of inferior quality, and as a large proportion of them thus fall prematurely, the yield of *good* fruit must be light both in New Jersey and upon Long Island. Watermelons and Nutmegs from Norfolk, Va., are in good supply, and find a ready market. Butter is in moderate demand for home use. Very little is shipped at present. Eggs are more abundant, and a lower quotation is given. Philadelphia is sending in freely. Many of those from the West are received in poor condition, and sell slowly. Poultry is more active and freer receipts are met by a brisk demand.

WHOLESALE PRICES OBTAINED BY PRODUCERS AT WASHINGTON MARKET.

Apples, new, per barrel	$3 00	@	$4 50
Gooseberries, per bushel............	$2 50	@	$3 00
Raspberries, Antwerp, per 100 baskets	$5 00	@	$7 00
Blackberries, per bushel............	$3 00	@	$4 00
Whortleberries, per bushel	$2 75	@	$3 25
Pears, per parrel	$3 00	@	$3 50
Peaches, per basket.................	$1 25	@	$1 50
Currants, per pound.................	5	@	7
Potatoes, new, per barrel...........	$2 25	@	$4 00
" new, per bushel........	62	@	75
Onions, new, per 100 bunches	$4 50	@	—
" per pound	1½	@	2
Turnips, new, per barrel	75	@	$1 25
Tomatoes, per basket	$1 50	@	—
Lettuce, per hundred................	75	@	$1 00
Green Peas, per basket..............	37½	@	50
Squashes, new, per barrel	$1 00	@	—
Watermelons, per 100	$10 00	@	$20 00
Beets, per 100 bunches,.............	$2 50	@	$3 00
Cucumbers, per 100	40	@	55
Cabbages, per 100...................	$2 50	@	$5 00
Cauliflowers, per dozen	$1 00	@	$1 25
Butter, Western, per pound	16	@	21
" State, per pound	17½	@	25
Eggs, Fresh, per dozen..............	16½	@	17½
Fowls, per pound....................	18	@	20
Live Fowls, per pair	$1 00	@	$1 25
Ducks, Spring, per pair	$1 00	@	$1 25
Turkeys, per pound	16	@	18
Geese, each.........................	$1 00	@	$1 50
Pigeons, Squab, per dozen...........	$2 00	@	$2 50
Woodcock, per dozen	$2 75	@	$3 00
Beef, per pound	10	@	14
Mutton, per pound	9	@	13
Lamb, per pound.....................	12	@	14
Veal, per pound.....................	10	@	12
Pork, per pound.....................	9½	@	10½

ADVERTISEMENTS.

REV. D. C. VAN NORMAN, A.M., late Principal of Rutger's Female Institute, will (D. V.) open a BOARDING and DAY SCHOOL for YOUNG LADIES, at No. 79 East Fourteenth Street, near Union Square, on the 14th September next.

For full information as to AIMS, SYSTEM OF INSTRUCTION, &c., attention is invited to his PROSPECTUS, to be had at the SCHOOL, or by addressing the PRINCIPAL.

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"WOODLAND CREAM"—*A Pomade for beautifying the Hair*—highly perfumed, superior to any French article imported, and for half the price. For dressing Ladies' Hair it has no equal, giving it a bright, glossy appearance. It causes Gentlemen's Hair to curl in the most natural manner. It removes dandruff, always giving the Hair the appearance of being fresh shampooed. Price only Fifty Cents. None genuine unless signed

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Say two, four, or six, according to age, sex, and constitution, must be taken. They must purge very freely; drink warm drinks while the fever lasts, and as a diet eat plenty of good Indian meal gruel or chicken broth, with plenty of rice in it. By this treatment, on the second or third day, the disease will be cured. This complaint is going the rounds, and will be followed by dysentery and diarrhœa—but they will be cured by the same process. The wise will have Brandreth's Pills where they can be easily laid hold on.

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